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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

NEGRO suffrage in the Southern States is commonly looked upon as involving nothing more than the admission of an additional number of the people to a share in the government. It is taken to be like the recent extension of suffrage in England. Practically it is no such question. Negro suffrage in the South is not a mere extension of the governing power to a larger number of the people; it is a proposition to give power in our public affairs to a new and strange people. It is not to bring a larger proportion of the community to the polls; it is to introduce a new community. It is like, but worse than, a proposition to admit the Republic of Hayti into the Union.

Practically there are two separate communities in the South: a black community and a white one. They are separate now and will always remain separated. No human power can blend them into one. The white race in this country will not mix with the black any more than it will with the native Indian. The whites and the blacks will not intermarry; they will not visit each other's houses; they will not go to church together. An effort will be made to force them together in the public schools; but, like all laws which seek to twist human nature violently back from its instincts, this effort will simply intensify the repugnance it seeks to overcome, and the law will be violated and evaded so extensively that little or no education will be afforded to any one.

The blacks at the South constitute a black people; the whites, a white people. They cannot be blended into one people; for whenever the black and white blood do intermix, the mulatto progeny is rejected from among the white people and remains a part of the black community. What is really proposed in negro suffrage, then, is to constitute one state of these two repelling elements, they being in nearly equal proportion; to blend together these two distinct and repulsive elements in the work of a common government; to blend together races which, even when they are mixed for a moment, start back from each other instinctively, and remain separate; to mix these elements harmoniously in the great and difficult work of public government, while in none of the every-day duties of life can they be made to mix. If the blacks, instead of being here, were in their native Africa or in Hayti, and had all the intelligence of our negroes, and it were proposed to import into any Northern state as many negroes as were equal to its white population, with the condition that the negroes should share, man for man, in the common government—such a proposition would excite universal horror. It would be looked upon as the wildest absurdity to attempt to compose an orderly and harmonious state out of two so discordant elements.

No successful, orderly, and prosperous state ever was so made up. Celt and Saxon, who are very much nearer in blood relationship than are the white man and the black, could not, in England, make up a state, a common government, in which each were to take part; one race ruled. Norman and Saxon, who, by going but a few years back, could trace up to a common ancestry, could not make up a mixed government of the two until intermarriage had effaced the distinction between them. The distinction cannot in this instance be effaced, even in time, for the mulatto continues to be a black. If all the Southern population became mulattoes, that would not solve the difficulty; for the mulatto, as a race, will not live. It is practically not a race, but, as its name imports, a mule. In the mixed governments now proposed for the South the effort is to be made, in spite of all the warnings of history, to blend together the two races which are the furthest apart in nature, and the most unlike of any two races in the world. The white man of this country stands at the head of civilization; the black almost at the foot of the list of savages.

The present population of the South is divided by a law higher than our laws into two classes; distinctly marked classes. This division is sure to be permanent. It is a natural instinct in men so situ-

ated to cling to their own class, to counsel only with it, to act only with it. There will be, then, no political parties there but the white party and the black party. A few renegades from the whites will, for the sake of power, go over to be leaders of the blacks; but in the main the division will always be as now—whites on one side, blacks on the other. Whichever of these parties may get the ascendancy in local politics, the government will be a class government; seeking the interest not of a people, but of the ruling class. The blacks have the ascendancy now not by their own force, but by the aid of machinery supplied by the general government. In some of the states provision has been made for such test-oaths as will deter most of the whites from voting. In others, military arrangements have been made for controlling the dissatisfied whites. In some, large bodies of white men are directly disfranchised and shut out from a share in the government. So long as these mixed governments exist, there will be a constant struggle for one class or the other to get the upper hand. If the whites were in the ascendancy now, no doubt nearly all the blacks would have been shut out from a share in the government.

There can be no such thing as a blended representation of the community as one people when the community itself is not blended. The state governments are sure to be class governments, representing not the whole people, but either the blacks as a ruling class or the whites. We are, in fact, narrowed down to this choice: shall the white men rule in the South, or shall the blacks there rule the whites? Strive as we may, we shall be able to bring the problem only to one or the other of these solutions.

The great evil of negro government will not be that a few negroes may get into Congress or into the state legislatures; that would be a small evil. A few well-chosen negroes might teach good manners to some of the white members of the present Congress. The great evil of negro suffrage is that it means, in many districts, negro justices of the peace and negro constables. The home governments of neighborhoods are the governments most important to the mass or men. If these are not such as to conduce to order, content, and comfort, the country at large cannot have its just measure of peace, industry, and prosperity. There is no Northern neighborhood which could endure negro magistrates and negro local officers; either the negro officers would be expelled by violence or the whites would abandon the neighborhood.

There is no such thing possible as putting the negroes and the white men at the South on a footing of equality. Nature forbids it. Unless they can be put on such an exact footing of equality that in every relation of life the distinction of color is lost sight of, there can be no such thing as the representation of one people in the proposed governments at the South. The public officers of all kinds will represent one people or the other; they will represent the majority, and the majority will always be either the black people exclusively or the white people. Class governments under universal negro suffrage at the South are inevitable. The whites, being disfranchised, cannot now assert their natural superiority; and the negro governments which may get into power will resort to continued disfranchisement as their means of retaining the control.

Negro suffrage, enforced by the North, means, practically, not negro equality, but negro superiority; that the negroes as a class shall rule the whites.

RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND ASIA.

L'APPETIT vient en mangeant! While the forces under General Napier are slowly advancing into the interior of Abyssinia, the overland mail brings us the information that a campaign against Afghanistan is being seriously agitated in India. Though Lord Auckland's ill-starred occupation of Kabul in 1839 cost England some thirteen millions of pounds, and added nothing to the lustre of her arms by its pitiful conclusion, the project seems nevertheless so popular that Sir John Lawrence, the Governor-General, has been compelled to notice it officially. This belligerent feeling is not restricted to the military garrison, where it is natural that a desire to regain the laurels tarnished in the previous expedition should prevail, but it appears to extend equally to the mercantile classes, who have perhaps a still more

powerful incentive to action. This incentive is the progress of Russia in Central Asia, which, even if it is not yet regarded as a menace to British rule in India, threatens a ruinous commercial rivalry. The Anglo-Indians begin at last to perceive that the market for British goods declines in an exact ratio to Russia's extension, and they naturally fear that it may entirely be lost to them unless the ambitious schemes of that power are checked in time. Slowly but surely the Czar continues to absorb immense territories in the southern and eastern parts of the continent. His authority already extends to Korea. At Urga, in Mongolia, even at Kadshar, now reside his agents. Regular caravan communication has been established with China, *via* the Caspian, where the steamboat and the ship of the desert meet to exchange the products of west and east. Russian merchandise finds its way as far as the shores of the Yellow Sea. The trader is everywhere succeeded by the Cossack, and the official St. Petersburg press hints that Mongolia is ready to become a Russian province. At the capital of the Kalkas Mongolians a Russian consul is studying this interesting race, and we know from experience the results which inevitably follow such disinterested ethnographic and geographical researches. From Omsk, where the Governor-General of Western Siberia resides, the conquest of the great Khanates is steadily carried on. Under the pretext of putting a stop to the raids of the man-stealing, slave-trading Turkomans, the Cossack posts have been pushed forward year after year, and the most advanced station, Fort Wemaje (43 deg. 15 min. N.L.), in the neighborhood of the Izikul, now commands the Alatan range and the Tli River region. Rumors have reached us repeatedly that the Russians have gained a firm foothold in the great Khanates, and *The Moscow Gazette* has lately boasted that the last victories in Bokhara have enriched the Czar by a whole million of new subjects.

The commercial and political advantages of these acquisitions can hardly be overrated. Russia is fast obtaining the control of trade in that portion of the world, though she may still sell her stuffs and cutlery as "English goods." With England no competition is possible in Europe, and the Czar therefore takes care to open new fields to Russian enterprise and industry elsewhere. This is where the shoe pinches the Anglo-Indians. Being the first to feel the effects of Russia's steady advance in the heart of Asia, they insist that the danger to be apprehended from that quarter is something more tangible than the oracles in Downing Street have hitherto been disposed to concede. Although subjected occasionally to attacks of Russophobia, the imperial authorities at home have always rather made light of the peril which menaced their Indian possessions. Already twenty-six years ago an eminent French statesman, now no more, M. Thouvenel, pointed it out in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Since then the warnings have multiplied in frequency and earnestness. The British quarterlies have time and again called attention to the designs of Russia, and shown that the occupation of Bokhara should be followed by some measures for the better protection of the Punjab. Up to the present date these representations appear, however, to have made no impression on English statesmen. They have repeated the old argument about the lack of a base of operations on the part of Russia. Special stress has been laid on the barrier presented by the Hindu Kush and the hundreds of miles of desert that still intervened between the most advanced Cossack posts and the most exposed points of the Indian frontier. But Bokhara is no longer the monopoly of Asiatic barbarism which it was when Stoddard and Connolly were beheaded, and even if the Hindu Kush should really present that insurmountable obstacle to Russia's vaulting ambition which Prince Gortschakoff declared it to be in his famous note of November 21, 1864, Vambéry has told us of other approaches to India. The Czar's influence preponderates at Teheran. At the court of Pekin it is second only to the American. His politico-commercial connections, his diplomatic intrigues, his gold, and eventually his cannon, must before long make Persia, Herat, Kabul, and Afghanistan either his allies or his subjects. Under these circumstances the reduction of Turkestan proper is only a question of time, and then the Russian eagles may safely take their flight further south and south-west. Firmly established on the Oxus,

troops and supplies could easily be forwarded from the Volga to the south shore of the Caspian, and the Meshed railway will some day transport not only devout pilgrims but Russian soldiers to the grave of Imam Rizza.

We need not anticipate the question whether England would be able to bear the shock which such a collision with Russia, supported by legions of Central Asiatic auxiliaries, might impart to the artificially reared structure of her eastern empire. The Hindostanees regard their British masters with feelings of animosity which a whole century's association has not yet been sufficient to allay. The Russians, on the other hand, Asiatics themselves, possess the art of conciliating the Chinese, Tartars, Ozbegs, Afghans, and all oriental nationalities, to perfection. To use an expressive French saying, they know how to play *frères et cochons* with them. The Russian diplomats, so abrupt and insolent in their dealings with the European cabinets, pursue in Asia a directly opposite policy. They display toward the Eastern courts the greatest suavity and deference. They gradually familiarize the rulers and the ruled with their views, overwhelm them with friendly professions and attentions, excite their avarice and ambition, and never reveal their own designs until the good opinion of their dupes has ceased to be of the slightest consequence to them. To sow dissensions and to turn them directly to profit, to stoop to the grossest hypocrisy for the sake of some material gain, these are the secrets of Russian diplomacy in the Orient. The haughty Nicholas himself, though he preferred to incur the enmity of Louis Napoleon rather than to call him "*mon frère*," consented to grant an audience to an envoy of the emir of Bokhara, who held the rank of a subaltern in the guard at the city gates. England, on the contrary, persists in maintaining the strictest etiquette, and therefore often sacrifices the substance to the shadow. Her statesmen consider it beneath them to make any allowance for differences in manners and customs. They disdain to employ toward a race whom they look upon as an inferior one either conciliation or deceit. The natural consequence is that the cold and unbending "*Ingilis*" are as generally detested as the wily and pliant Muscovites are liked.

Whether the English statesmen will remain much longer indifferent to the cloud which is gathering in the far East is difficult to anticipate, but we think not. The prohibitive system of Russia, which keeps even pace with the Cossack, is the very thing to arouse them to a sense of at least one of the dangers of the constantly increasing momentum with which that immense, though sparsely populated, empire is bearing down on Asia. The importance of that dependency to the prosperity, if not the very existence, of the mother country, has been conceded by Disraeli when he declared England to be an Asiatic, not a European power, and it is therefore highly probable that the agitation in India may induce the imperial authorities to adopt a new policy in the East. It so happens that the bloody war of succession, which has now raged for years in Afghanistan, affords them a very plausible pretext for armed intervention. Shir-Ali-Khan, the youngest son and heir of Dost Mohammed, whom his elder brothers have deposed, is the fast friend of the English, while Russia supports his opponents. In the hands of England, or in those of a prince indebted to her for his throne, Afghanistan would be a bulwark against any foe advancing from the interior, and this must, of course, increase the chances of the Anglo-Indians to a favorable hearing in Downing Street.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

MR. DISRAELI'S late experience furnishes a vivid exemplification of the uncertainty of human affairs. It is by the contemplation of such experiences that men are taught that great lesson of wisdom, neither to be over-elated by prosperity nor too much depressed by misfortune. The days are almost to be counted on one's fingers since we were called upon to admire the dazzling rise of the great Hebrew Commoner, the clever novelist, the potent master of irony who, without family or money, had mounted to the highest post in the British state to grasp the helm once held by Pitt, Peel, and Palmerston, and only just relinquished by the proud head of the Stanleys. Only yesterday were we sympathizing with the odd feeling of sentimental regret so generally expressed in England over the ill-fortune and hard treatment of

Mr. Gladstone and sighing over the unprincipled and success-worshipping spirit which led the British people to neglect so pure, able, and unselfish a statesman in favor of his brilliant but slippery rival. Mr. Gladstone was somewhat pragmatic and crotchety, to be sure, but then he was so upright, so straightforward, so patriotic and yet so cosmopolite, in brief, so everything (but the latter) that Mr. Disraeli was not. It was clear that it was because he was so very good that fortune had determined to persecute the one man and for an opposite reason to exalt the other. England and America were fast getting alike in this, that no good people could possibly get on, and it was evident that for the future the children of the devil were to draw all the prizes. But the wheel has turned—such a short turn, too—and, positively before he has had time to realize his giddy elevation, poor Mr. Disraeli is brought with a bump to earth again, and up goes Mr. Gladstone, for all the world as if he had been in the car of a merry-go-round and some one had suddenly turned the crank. After this we certainly should be ashamed of our late despairing conviction of the ascendancy of evil, for manifestly, if being unscrupulous helped Mr. Disraeli to become premier, it has not enabled him to continue so, and Mr. Gladstone's virtues, however they may sometimes have acted as a dead-weight, have not prevented his rise in turn when the balancing forces brought about the proper occasion.

The truth is, as has been said ten thousand times before, the higher moral qualities of individuals afford no exact gauges of worldly success or even of worldly esteem. Perseverance and energy—all the qualities, indeed, that are associated with active self-love,—may in a measure furnish such tests, but even these are not infallible. Hard, conscientious workers are frequently unsuccessful men, and although this may not be a good thing to tell school-boys when we wish to make them industrious, the experience of men of the world will justify the assertion. On the other hand, we often see the shiftless, the indolent and self-indulgent so petted and feasted of fortune that we who could make the world so much better than it is are ready to tear our hair and fly, if we could, to some planet where things are ordered better. But in time we learn, perhaps, that the rewards and punishments which are to set everything right are not, in an exterior sense, to be looked for in a world whose deeper mysteries, let him struggle as he may, it is not given to man to understand. Somebody, probably the author of *Political Justice*, says a man is never in such danger of missing the applause of the world as when he has taken the greatest possible pains to deserve it. Fortune, like a woman, is doubtless best wooed by seeming indifference, or perhaps we might even say by the real indifference that comes with long struggles and bitter disappointment, and consequent apathy or despair. Still, Mr. Gladstone has gone up with the wheel and has his share of the sunshine! Undoubtedly; but if because of his virtues, what sent up Mr. Disraeli? Of course it is easy to say that political accident brought about an issue in which, the two statesmen standing on opposing sides, victory was determined by circumstances bearing no relation to personal character; but this is the prosaic way of viewing the matter; a deeper and more analytic insight would certainly not be satisfied with a solution so short-sighted and commonplace. Men so different as these—more different than Faust and Mephistopheles—do not change places in this flip-flap fashion through political accidents alone. Such mutations are rather due to mysterious action and reaction of the public mind working imperceptibly through the public representatives—imperceptibly because in this case there were no elections or other definite indicators of the popular current—and so shaping issues as to evolve phenomena which even the sharpest and most unscrupulous of intellects could not anticipate and forestall. There is surely in this something "more than natural, if philosophy could but find it out."

Who shall say that the ablest of the Federal generals in the late war were the most successful? Or that the houses of Congress include our ablest statesmen? Or even that contemporaneous writers who are most esteemed, and who reap the richest rewards, are the cleverest and most deserving? Surely the number of those who are born great or who achieve greatness is far less than that of those who have greatness thrust upon them. The inexplicable caprice of

the Fates seems to lead them to take delight in confounding expectation, humiliating desert, and crowning dulness and folly with the compensating laurel. If we except a certain hard, wild-animal kind of persistency which reminds us of Grant's Richmond campaign, a hunger and a thirst for gold that will not and cannot be denied, where can there be found a set of more empty, sterile, and paltry natures than those of the most notably rich among the successful men of New York? Their talent is of the very lowest kind, their rewards the highest, the community being what it is, that can be afforded. Probably men with more in them would have proved less fortunate, just as Grant with more imagination might have broken down before Vicksburg. Here, however, we touch upon a material view—the relation, that is, of success to social conditions—which less concerns our present purpose than the abstract or occult survey that we have dimly shadowed. But the moral of both branches of the discussion is much the same. It is that scarcely anything short of crime of which human nature is capable is more base than the adoration of mere success. Too many fools and too many knaves succeed to permit us to characterize the worship of their class in terms more gentle. Of ten great men, rich men, famous men, nine have risen through wronging their fellows. Therefore, presumptively, success is proof of immorality. Among the wealthy who affect superior sanctity this rule has few exceptions. This estimate may, we admit, be an exaggerated one, but were it accepted and acted upon in practice, far less wrong would be done in exalting the unworthy and casting down the deserving than now is done. Had Louis Napoleon not known full well that the world would treat the success of his attempt exactly as it has done the *coup d'état* would never have been struck, and the edifice of French liberty might have been crowned ere this in the interest of progress and human happiness, instead of being deferred by a mediæval reaction whose effect is that of throwing back France, and consequently European civilization, for at least a quarter of a century.

SCHOOL-GIRL FLIRTATIONS.

FLIRTATION, which is to men rather a frivolous and occasional amusement, to women is almost a necessity of existence. For what we call flirtation is with women for the most part, and especially until they have acquired that experience which hardens while it heals, only the uncertain putting forth of those tendrils of tenderness which clasp and, for a while, cling to a hundred transient objects before they find the one congenial stay whose steadfastness shall guarantee a life's repose. Flirtation is not altogether confined to flirts, nor indeed do flirts do most of it. It is most generally the preliminary practice in which women try their hand before entering on the serious business of love-making—the *avant-courier* they put forth to ascertain the disposition of the enemy.

We say women and not men advisedly; because flirtation is in its essence an affair of too much delicacy and finesse ever to be otherwise than exceptionally a masculine accomplishment, and because, in the sense which we have here given the word, men are oftener flirited with than flirting. A man who sets out deliberately to flirt takes up haphazard with the first pretty face he chances to encounter, while a woman, in the fulfilment of this side of her nature, will pick out with unerring instinct the proper partner for the charming pastime. Men flirt too much with their heads; they think where they should feel, and the slightest intrusion of reason into the province of the affections always jars on the feminine sense of fitness. In an amusement whose essence it is to do a foolish thing, knowing it to be foolish, and deliberately shutting your eyes to the truth, the slightest evidence that this voluntary self-deception is less complete on one side than on the other injures the effect by interfering with the illusion. And few men have the art of inspiring confidence in their loyalty to this fundamental principle of the art. Do what he will, utter what ardent vows, what passionate protestations, the male flirter can seldom entirely do away with a little residuum of distrust, a vague, uneasy feeling in the lady's mind that this is but the shadow of a shadow, the pretence of a pretence; that his feelings are not engaged, his interest scarcely awakened; that he is laughing behind his mask, a Satyr playing Cupid. And this because it is not natural for men to flirt: because it is easier for them to make love in downright earnest than in jest; whereas women throw a spice of seriousness into their most trifling flirtation, while their more

elaborate ones tremble constantly on the verge of re-attachment. With them a flirtation is often only the gateway of love; with men it is usually the strongest possible obstacle to it. When an individual of the sterner sex makes up his mind to fall in love he prefers to make the plunge at once without any prelude of the coy dissentings, the feigned reluctances, and pretty terrors with which women welcome the approach of the rosy little tyrant. Their flirtation differs from their love-making not in kind, but in degree, and is always the forerunner—never by any possibility, as sometimes with men, the result. A man may fall in love and out again, and be prepared to flirt with all possible fervor and insincerity with the object of his former adoration; but to a woman a love is a sacred thing, and even its ashes are not idly to be scattered.

This is a somewhat tedious preparation for the principle we wish to deduce—that school-girl flirtations are only the natural expression of the natural law of sexual attraction, as inevitable as gravitation or General Butler's oratory, and as meaningless as the latter. If we may call adult flirtation the rehearsal of the comedy of love, the difference between it and school-girl flirtation is the difference between the performance of a professional and an amateur company. A school-girl flirts hysterically and indiscriminately. The mysterious change which leads her, unwilling and wondering, from the dim, dear fairy-land of infancy into the novel and bewildering realities and still more bewildering possibilities of womanhood is then beginning its operation. In her fantastic fancies, in her dazzling dreams, man is invested with a romantic glamour. Every man becomes a hero, and every man with a moustache at all meriting the praise of loveliness rises to the proportions of a demigod. Even the scrubby-haired butcher's boy is a being to be contemplated with awe, and the pale young man with the green glasses and the exaggerated snuffle who carries the prescriptions from the apothecary shop is clothed with the beauty of Adonis. Her whole nature, strung to its utmost tension by the excitement of the transition, thrills and vibrates at every touch of the magnetic influences of sex. The smiles that all the sunshine of childhood have garnered in her heart overflow at her lips for every comer to bask in; and love has charged her eyes with all his swiftest and most random shafts. She flirts as she breathes, because it is impossible for her to live without it. The object is a matter of perfect indifference, and is determined only by the whim of the moment. It may be the passing exquisite cantering by on his way to the park, it may be the neighboring and not over-cleanly bootblack, whose sturdy democracy takes offence and derides equestrian aristocracy. It may be both, and either may at a moment's warning supplant the other. A school-girl's flirtations are like the figures in a kaleidoscope, as changeable, as unforeseen, as indefinable, as easily forgotten.

But why waste time on an inadequate analysis of what each one of us may paint much better from his memory? Have we not all had part in them? Have we not all been made their votaries or their victims? Are not all our memories of far-past youth made glad and golden with the charm of those delicious premature travesties of riper loves? Even you, dear pompous Oldfoggy, who glare at us from behind presbyopic glasses in sternly indignant denial—even you might discover, away back in the early morning of your solemn and respectable life, hidden in its shadow like an extremely diffident violet by a very steady, old, unrolling, mossy stone, some faint and faded remembrance that should give the lie to your indignation—some tender reminiscence of that foolish, blissful moment when a fluttering handkerchief from the Academy omnibus first imparted something of its motion to a youthful heart, or when life grew fairer of a sudden for a single glance of roguish eyes shot from the Venetian jealousies of Madame Carambole's fashionable and strictly exclusive Institute. Even you, dear dignified Oldfoggy, were not always so dignified as the accumulated presidencies of half-a-dozen banks and the conscious ownership of a dozen corner lots clearly give you a right to be. There was a time, however incredible it may seem to you and to those who know you better than yourself, when the plainest of walking-dresses was dearer than the dearest that now makes havoc with your feelings and your check-book, and the loveliest of spring bonnets could excite a pleasure unalloyed by any awful impending shadow of a milliner's bill. There was a time when, arrayed in much splendor of holiday attire, and radiating a brilliancy which not even the painfully evident torture of your boots and gloves and the embarrassing aspiration of your waist buttons for the back of your neck could altogether neutralize, you have lingered for expectant and anxious hours along the route that Madame

Carambole's young ladies were wont to bless and beautify in their churchward pilgrimages or their daily promenades. There was a time when you deemed the long, long weary day of waiting crowned and rewarded by a single furtive glance of quick intelligence slipped sidelong from veiling lashes, a single fearful, half-uncertain but all seraphic smile of recognition, a single swift interchange of those rosy signals that are ever ready to do service in love's telegraph. There was a time like this, most prosaic and crabbed of Oldfoggies—a time that you should rather be proud to claim than blush to acknowledge. Don't attempt to deny it, for were not we there and did not we see it all? Perhaps it was by accident that we stopped to admire the masterly tactics of Madame Carambole in marshalling her pretty but volatile army; perhaps we paused to satisfy an aesthetic appetite in the sight of those fair, fresh faces, those lithe and graceful forms, the beauty and the poetry of youth; perhaps—who knows?—for us too there was the attraction of glance and smile and private telegraph for whose glowing cipher we only held the key. What matters it? We were there and saw you, dear Oldfoggy, act as we have written; and many another disagreeable and snarling Oldfoggy too we saw, then neither disagreeable nor snarling, who is now carping and sneering at this paper, forgetting what things he did in the flush of youth—"calidus juvenâ Præside Jackson."

SUICIDE.

ROBECK, the Swedish professor who wrote a book in defence of suicide and afterward killed himself, gave the world a proof of the sincerity of his convictions such as few philosophers have afforded, yet it may well be doubted whether his example has made a single person commit suicide who in its absence would not have done so, and it is therefore questionable whether his work would not have been as effectual, so far as proselytism is concerned, without its tragic illustration. We question, indeed, whether the opinions of others ever have conclusive weight with the great majority of suicides in determining their action, although they are frequently known, like Addison's *Cato*, curiously to investigate and speculate over such opinions when their design is once contemplated. Of the millions who have meditated upon this momentous subject from the time of Socrates and Plato down to that of Hume and Rousseau, and again down to that of the statisticians, few we think have been either dissuaded from suicide or impelled to it by literary researches. A decided exception, of course, must be admitted in cases where profound superstition or remarkable personal qualities have given force and dignity to examples that without such adjuncts might have had as little effect as the case of poor Robeck. We can understand, for instance, how examples like those of Democritus, of Zeno, and of Cléanthes should cause innumerable suicides. The extraordinary celebrity of these men, their fame, wide as the limits of the ancient world, and their commanding position as leaders of famous philosophic schools, lent lustre to their deaths as well as to their lives, and the mass of mankind might naturally be expected to be dazzled into seeking to imitate them. In modern times, however, such influences no longer exist; or rather, they are so comparatively trifling in degree that in forming estimates they may with safety practically be disregarded. Without going to the lengths of Mr. Buckle, who would have us believe that in a given community, under given circumstances, such and such a number must necessarily be hanged, drowned, and self-murdered, and so on, we may yet credit that, with a liberal margin for contingencies so as to allow for the difference between the elasticity of human nature and the rigidity of mathematical science, we can calculate with some precision the average number of suicides that in a particular community may be expected to take place.

Yet even under circumstances apparently most favorable for such calculations the variations are often so unexpected and baffling as to lead us to fear that plausible generalizations on such subjects are utterly delusive. In an old country like England, for example, a country of regular usages and conventional ways, where all things move in slow and orderly cycles and where people are not, as in France, for ever devising novel and fantastic devices for making away with themselves, it might be supposed that suicidal prognostications would be exceptionally trustworthy. It might be expected that not only the number but even the social grades of such unfortunates could be foretold with considerable exactness. Yet, although the average rate for the whole country is tolerably constant—being, we think, for England and Wales about 1,000 per annum—the variation in particular localities is highly eccentric, and is as diverse in

classes as in numbers. We are not aware, as an exemplification, that the military stationed in London are at present very much addicted to suicide; but a few years ago cases in the service were strikingly numerous, and in the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons alone they were actually computed to equal one-twentieth of the total number of deaths from all other causes. In densely populated and, in our view, semi-civilized communities, like those of China and Hindostan, where suicide is in a manner sanctioned by custom and where the loss of an individual life is of less relative importance to the state than elsewhere, the mortality from this cause is of course most readily estimable, taking on, as it does, a greater character of regularity. In Europe and America such calculations are more deceptive and difficult. There is, notwithstanding, no doubt that during the existence of peculiar conditions estimates can be made of uncommon accuracy, and which, but for their simple explanation, would seem almost supernatural. Periods of great political disturbances, of wars, of remarkable speculative epidemics, of luxurious and extravagant living, are almost certain to be signalized by a rise in the suicidal average. The fact has been repeatedly demonstrated in many countries of modern Europe, and unfortunately it is now in process of illustration among ourselves.

From every section of the country reports are daily reaching us of suicides which, in their number and horrible details, far exceed anything in the national experience. Hitherto we have been, substantially speaking, a happy, even-minded people, of whom a very large proportion have been firm believers in the doctrines of Christianity, contented with simple pleasures, addicted to domestic life, and having little taste for violent "sensations" of any kind. The changes that have come over us are great and significant. The bitter sorrows and anxieties of a long civil war, followed, in the North at least, by an epoch of violent speculative excitement, attended by extravagance of living and a widely-spread passion for sensual pleasure, have made our country anything but the country of ten years ago. Life now, to be tolerable, must be spiced with condiments of the keenest and most titillating sort. Each fresh gratification quickly palls, and new devices must constantly be brought forward to stimulate the jaded sense. The theatre is radiant with voluptuous images, and thousands swarm nightly to gloat on the female charms their clouds of gauze scarcely affect to conceal. Gross pictures are hawked about the streets, and obscene books are offered to boys and greybeards alike in the exchange and market place. The newspapers strain every nerve to outstrip each other in the astonishing, the preposterous, and the extravagant; and those from whose occasional exhibitions of care, thought, and scholarship we have learned to hope better things seem of late to have abandoned themselves to the worst spirit of the hour and to have plunged bodily into the coarse vortex of sensation. Even the pulpit yields to the vulgar tendencies that mar nearly all less sacred things, and the most influential and successful preachers are men who in a purer and more cultivated age would be simply laughed down as greedy and sensual charlatans. The artificial and highly colored, in contradistinction to the true and the natural, are producing in every direction their legitimate effect. We see on every hand false views of life usually ending in bitter disappointment, minds and bodies prematurely broken and withered, a horrible lust of money as the sole genuine good of life, a prevalent infidelity—spreading everywhere in sympathy with parallel conditions to those of France at the time of her revolution—and, in a word, every promise of social decay and ruin unless the baleful progress of things is arrested by powerful reformatory agencies, signs of which are unhappily not yet apparent. Suicides are few in the ratio of the number of sound minds in healthy bodies. We cannot wonder that, with a social preparation so mournfully ample as ours has been to encourage them, they should increase apace, or that they should appal us even less by their frequency than by the terrible character of the details that often of late attend them.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE exhibition of the present season, which opened on the 15th inst., cannot be pronounced above the average. There have been better; there have been worse. The artists whose names are most frequent in the public mouth, and whom print seldom mentions without chronic commendation, are not conspicuous by their excellence. The usual number of life-sized bank presidents, trustees of charitable institutions, leaders in commercial enterprise, and representative men generally, look down blandly from the walls, in all the glory of neat neck-ties and irre-

proachable boots. And when one notes the smug satisfaction that pervades the universal countenance of these worthies, one must needs conclude that the times are not half so bad as they are said to be. Stockholders must be anticipating, not to say drawing, fat dividends, and trade and learning must be in prosperous condition, if the portrait painters had warrant for all this exuberance of content. But we do not propose to dwell upon these tributes from well-pleased committees and grateful boards of directors, such as Mr. Elliott and Mr. Huntington and Mr. Hicks supply with annual abundance. The first-named of the trio is as crisp and vigorous in his touch as ever he was, and still gives to his subjects so marked an air of distinction and vivacity, and to their complexions such a ruddy hue of health, that one wonders a little sometimes on comparing the likeness with the original. The President of the Academy, not indulging in the same brilliant tones nor working with the same felicitous audacity, yet contrives to lift his sitters above the ordinary level. As for Mr. Hicks, he is the one of the three who really merits praise the most, for we are glad to notice in his contributions of this year a marked and most welcome improvement. It is so common with our artists to achieve, easily and rapidly, a certain point of excellence and there "stick"—to borrow an expression attributed to Mr. Sumner—that an advance, we say, deserves special greeting. We shall probably have other occasion to speak of Mr. Hicks and the change for the better that has come upon him. Meanwhile, it were to be wished that he would abandon that foolish habit of marring a serious head by the introduction of gewgaws into the accessories. Dabs of what resembles freshly-painted oil-cloth in one corner, or in the foreground, are offensive in point of taste; if they show, which may be doubted, a feeling for color, they show, beyond doubt, a great ignorance of harmonious effect. Finally, in calling the reader's attention to some few of the works that hang upon the walls, we must state candidly that we are no more to be influenced by the large size of a canvas than by the estimation in which an exhibitor is held. If, therefore, we pass without notice a big view of Castle Garden, a life-sized fruit-seller of Seville, an imposing landscape, or a *genre* picture, here and there, it is simply because their merits or demerits are not conspicuous enough or sufficiently blended to invite criticism. Give us something good or bad, or both at once. Mediocrity is best left to itself.

At one end of the South Room, being properly awarded a place of honor, hangs "The Forging of the Shaft," No. 344, by John F. Weir, which reminds one of a similar scene, similarly treated by Mr. Weir, two or three years ago. And, in truth, there is something singularly well adapted for pictorial purpose in a gun-foundry, or machine-shop, or engineering establishment in full blast, where Vulcan is the presiding genius. Visiting such places, we have marvelled that they are not more frequently depicted—and been thankful, perhaps, that they have not been taken in hand by every whipster who wields a brush. The lurid atmosphere, the ponderous and misshapen masses of material, the high lights and deep shadows, the uncouth figures, the glow of furnace fires, and the intermingling of external daylight—these are all elements that invite the artistic eye; and Mr. Weir has handled them well, very well. He has not been tempted into exaggeration. His contrasts are striking, but not forced. His glowing lights penetrate, in a measure, his furthest recesses. His shadows are transparent. His grouped figures, at the same time, suitably convey the idea of a grand wrestling with one of the forces of nature. There is a unity and a keeping throughout, while the mechanical execution is good. Spectators gather round this picture, because the world loves the sensational in books, in art, in life itself; but the more thoughtful and careful observer will also find here much to study and much to admire.—Among the popular landscape painters of the day is Mr. Gignoux. Crinoline halts to look lovingly upon the gorgeous attire in which he clothes his autumnal scenery, upon his skies warm in color but cold in feeling, upon the universal radiance and glitter that are supreme upon his canvas. Critics lavish upon him complimentary generalities. Rich amateurs in Brooklyn and the provincial districts favor him with their valuable patronage. Yet Mr. Gignoux is to us a perpetual puzzle. Hating to swim against the stream and envious of the delight that he affords to others, we strive, but strive in vain, to find pleasure in his works. Do we lack perception or feeling? Possibly; at any rate, this "Lake in the Wilderness," No. 357, resembles its many predecessors of former years. To our dull eye it is all surface-painting, and all done as though in colored chalk.—We wish

we could have cited, with approval, a neighboring bit by Mr. Inness, inasmuch as he is the very antipodes of Mr. Gignoux, being above all things noted for latent meaning and vigorous execution. But his "Coming Storm," No. 362, is not a fine specimen of his ability. It is coarse and careless.—Mr. Eastman Johnson exhibits "The Boy Lincoln," No. 366, an imaginary portrait of the late President in his earlier and happier days. He is a tall and long-limbed lad with a handsome face, very unlike the one with which the world is familiar, sprawling on a chair by the chimney corner and devoutly intent upon a book. The firelight, to which he leans, gleams strongly upon one side of his person; the other is in shade. There is much spirit and power in the design.—Large and sensational in treatment as in name is No. 367, "Moonrise at Sunset," by Mr. De Haas. A wild coast, two or three fishing-boats, a yellow moon, a crimsoned sky, a sea tumultuous and uneasy yet not breaking much—these make up the composition, which is decidedly a clever one. The heaving movement of the water is well given, and there is more of sentiment pervading the canvas than one finds in many a subject chosen purposely with reference to its display.—Above this, and hung high on the same wall, is "Early Morning," No. 368, by H. C. Bispham, an oblong cattle-piece that seems to have more merit than is usually shown in the academical cows and sheep. We are glad to pick it out from the herd.—The mossy tree-trunks in "A Landscape Composition," No. 371, by E. D. Nelson, and the very tints of the foliage, surely bespeak a pupil of Mr. Durand, and a worthy one in that close copying of nature which satisfies the casual amateur.—Mr. Fairman, on the contrary, in No. 372, "The Elysium of the Flock," seems to have set himself a loftier model. Hung undeservedly out of the favorable range of sight, it has a Turneresque attractiveness; and we linger with pleasure over its glowing sunlight and its happy red cattle cooling themselves in the foreground pool.—We linger, but not long. "Large as life and twice as natural," "Lester Wallack as Don Felix in *The Wonder*" arrests forcibly the passer-by; and the Don's finger is upon the hilt of his sword as though to threaten any man who should venture to suggest that Mr. W. O. Stone has not done justice to his subject. And he has done it justice—indeed more than justice, for we never remember to have seen Mr. Wallack on the stage display such earnestness and abnegation of self. The flesh tints of the face are somewhat hard; but it is none the less a fine, dashing, slashing, theatrical portrait. The hat and feathers might be envied by the cunningest dabbler in still life.—It is a strange transition to pass over from the menace of Don Felix to "Calvin's First Communion," No. 382, by Mr. E. H. May. The scene is a rocky cavern, wherein—it was in the neighborhood of Poitiers—the persecuted Genevieve did really gather together in secret many votaries of the reformed religion, and administer among them the sacramental rites. There are about a dozen figures, male and female, congregated about Calvin himself, who stands with uplifted hands before the fragment of rock that serves as a table, and whereon is spread a fair white cloth. Conspicuous mainly by his black robes and by his attitude and action, it is not upon him that the artist has bestowed the greatest labor. Even his face is but dimly seen, for it is in shadow and half averted. The kneeling and standing participants, of various classes, from the highest to the lowest as seen in their costumes, are extremely well grouped, harmoniously colored, and well drawn, unless, perchance, they be over tall. The whole effect is good, and Mr. May must be congratulated on having sent home from Paris a sound and massive picture.—No one can say that Mr. G. Fuller, in his heads, does not penetrate beneath the surface. In No. 391, a "Study from Nature," as in another subject elsewhere, he has literally peeled off the skin of a cheek, and suggested an anatomical development not agreeable and not customary; and so we turn with a sense of relief to No. 392, a "Portrait of a Lady," by Mr. Huntington—a handsome personage, gotten up in the latest imperial though unbecoming fashion of little ringlets pendent over the brow. It is a fair specimen of the President's off-hand style, but not half so well worth dwelling upon as is No. 397, a "Young Lady's Portrait," by Mr. H. P. Gray. In the first place, the pose of this one is unusually graceful and natural, and altogether devoid of the stiffness or the affectation; by one of which nearly all these three-quarter length standing figures are marked. The dress is bright blue; but this is boldly contrasted with a red shawl carried over the arm, the red being balanced nicely by the auburn hair and the hue of the cheek. For what came near spoiling a very clever picture some wretched

modiste, and not Mr. Gray, is responsible. We allude to the goring and slashing of the dress, which are horrid in effect, and to those dabs of pearl buttons where-with it is stuck about. This may be all very stylish on the Fifth Avenue, but it offends the eye when transformed to canvas. In No. 412, "Cleopatra Dissolving the Pearl," Mr. Gray, who ought to be called Mr. Tricolor Gray, comes out with great pomp in his all but invariable red, white, and blue. It is a pity that he did not omit the dingy olive-green of Egypt's under petticoat. Still, we commend Cleopatra to the attention of our readers.—What is flesh painting, and what is not, may be curiously and conveniently studied in Nos. 401 and 402, each designated as a "Portrait." The former—may we say it, without offence?—is a very unattractive subject, a round male face, from which peer out two small eyes, and to which is appended a grizzly beard. Yet there is flesh beneath the skin; there are brains behind the brow; and there is no palpable pigment anywhere, that damning spot on almost every canvas in the room. No. 402, on the contrary, by Mr. G. A. Baker, and in his best style, is a lady in the plenitude and plumpitude of her charms. She is very becomingly attired, and the artist has done both her and himself justice. Yet, in our judgement, Mr. Page's dull, dim head above kills the lady's head outright; though we must own our belief that only one reader in twenty will agree with us. The world at large very much prefers froth and sparkle and glitter, to force and character and knowledge of effect, and skill and patience to work it out. If Mr. Page had Mr. Baker's taste, or Mr. Elliott's happy knack of lifting his subject, he would be foremost in the ranks; but there is a fatality about what he touches. He seems to carry out an ultra democratic or levelling principle into art. One would think that refinement was repulsive to him. We believe if he painted the Archangel Gabriel, we should have the heavenly messenger vulgarized into a stumping-orator. Something of this tendency is perceptible in other portraits by Mr. Page in this same room. In No. 407, moreover, there is an unpleasant and unnatural puffiness about the cheeks which is not to be seen in the original.—Mr. S. R. Gifford deserves thanks for having almost solely redeemed the exhibition from the charge of being commonplace, so far as the landscape department is concerned. His No. 408, "Shrewsbury River—Sandy Hook," is a grand success. It is a dead calm, with a storm impending; the heavy rain-clouds on one side rendered lurid by the light straggling out from the west. A long sweep of sand, nearly concealed beneath tufted herbage, crosses the canvas diagonally, so that the lines of telegraph poles do not cut across it abruptly or offensively. It is all in keeping. But what strikes us most in this picture is what we have often recognized and felt in Mr. Gifford's landscapes—a certain sentiment, as apart from a mere transcript of scenery, akin to what one experiences in looking at a portrait of high order, the subject of which may be personally unknown.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HOLY LAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In No. 165 of *The Round Table* you call attention to an alleged case of plagiarism on the part of an American preacher from an English traveller, which you are good enough to say requires some explanation from me. *The Athenæum*, you say, accused Dr. Marsh of having lifted nearly the whole of his book called *Walks and Homes of Jesus from The Holy Land*. Dr. Marsh, you go on to say, asserts that a large part of his book was in print before *The Holy Land* appeared; hence, you conclude, if there is plagiarism at all, Mr. Dixon must have borrowed from Dr. Marsh, and ought to account to that divine for the close resemblance between the two works. My answer to this reasoning will be very short:

1. Dr. Marsh has never been in Palestine; he knows nothing whatever of the scenery of that country personally; and all his descriptions must, therefore, have been lifted out of somebody's book.

2. Dr. Marsh does not tell you when, where, and under what name "the greater part" of his book appeared. I cannot find it in the book indexes. I can, however, state that I had never seen it, never heard of it, until my attention was called to it by the notice in *The Athenæum* last year. The only date on the book was 1867.

3. Though I do not think the matter is worth a dozen words, yet, as truth is truth, I must add that, in glancing through Dr. Marsh's pages, I found much of it had been "lifted" from *The Holy Land*.

If you look at the two books you will see how far I am right in saying so, how far the local scenery, local color, local observation seem to be made use of by the divine.

One passage will enable your readers, who may not have the volumes near at hand, to judge :

BETHLEHEM.

DIXON.

(WRITING IN THE CONVENT AT BETHLEHEM).

MARSH.

(WRITING IN HIS STUDY IN AMERICA).

"From the guest-room of this convent you look out upon the ridge and shoulder of the hill on which Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, stands. This hill holds no high place among the hills of Judah; it is, in fact, narrow and depressed. Gedor, Gibeath, and Mar Elias, close it round on every side—save only that which falls away into the Wady Cedron, towards the deep chasm of the Dead Sea. From all these prouder and more lonely heights, the eye can sweep, either, on one hand, down to the Jordan bays, or, on the other hand, across the plain of Sharon, past Gath and Lydda, into the lustrous bays of Ascalon and Joppa. A string of gardens, a few steep fields, much crossing of white roads, so many that the point of junction may be called the Place of Paths, a glen which drops by leaps and steps to the great Cedron valley, make the landscape. Yet the slope which is thus bound in by higher tops and more barren crests has a winning beauty of its own, a joyous promise of bread and fruit, which puts it first among the chosen places of Judea. . . . The vines, the fig-trees, and the olive-trees love the soil; the grapes have a strong, sweet pulp, of an aromatic taste; and the green figs of Bethlehem have a flavor which they who have eaten them will remember as an Egyptian is said to recollect the Nile. A dark ruddy loam, which the Arab tillers call the Good Earth, lies bright in the clefts and furrows of these rocks, ready to receive, and spongy to retain, the quickening autumnal shower. From the fact of fields being rare in this sterile zone, you few grey patches sinking off towards the wilderness and the Mount of Paradise, give a character, that of corn-land, to the country side, as well as an auspicious name to the sacred town. . . . These ruts and tracks over the hill country, though white and scorched by the desert sun, are not, in their caves and orchards, without many a nook of pleasant and welcome shade. In short, in the one word which to a Syrian ear would express every beauty and grace of heaven, the hill of Bethlehem, in this torrid clime, in the midst of these arid wastes, is almost green."

"The first of these Hebrew idylls is the death of Rachel. The tale is so ancient that it carries you back to a time when, as yet, the Hebrews were not, and Bethlehem was not. Jacob, who had been dwelling in the Hauran, the country of his uncle, Laban, where he had served fourteen years for his two wives, Leah and Rachel, was journeying along this stony track from Bethel, he and his wives and their little ones, his man-servants and maid-servants, a great host, with a train of camels, a herd of ewes and rams, a flock of steers and milch kine, and multitudes of goats. The sheikh was going up to Hebron, where Isaac, his father, dwelt. But Rachel, his younger and more beloved wife, then great with child for the second time, fainting with the pangs of motherhood as the camels drooped down the sharp ridge of Mar Elias into the green country; and the throes of birth coming fast upon her, she died as her son, whom she called Benoni, child of her sorrow, and her husband called Benjamin, son of his right hand, was being born into the world."

This will probably suffice. Let me say, however, that I bring no charge against Dr. Marsh. I think, in the absence of personal travel, it was a praiseworthy act in that pastor to make himself acquainted with the newest books on the places about which he had to speak. Perhaps Dr. Marsh will pardon me for saying that his use of the personal pronoun (as where he says, in the above, "We see the same landscape," "One seems to have landed," etc.) might lead a careless reader into fancying that he was describing things which he had seen, not merely spying words which he had read. But if this false inference should be drawn by a careless reader, I dare say no one would regret the circumstance more than the reverend gentleman himself.

Faithfully yours, W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

LONDON, April 3, 1868.

THE THEORIES OF "PROMETHEUS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: If you will permit me, I will give through your columns a few words of reply to the letter, under that heading, of Mr. Edward I. Stearns, which appeared in your last number (167).

The letter opens thus: "The confidence of your correspondent, 'Gravitas,' in the Newtonian astronomy has been somewhat shaken, he tells us, by one of the series of communications that has lately appeared in *The Round Table*, from the 'Author of *Prometheus in Atlantis*.' For the reassuring of 'Gravitas' and others who may be similarly perplexed, allow me briefly to show the untenableness of every one of the objections so confidently, not to say boastfully, advanced in the communications referred to." Near the conclusion, the writer says: "I have thus shown the untenableness of at least seven out of the eight objections of 'Prometheus.'" That confidence, not to say boasting, will answer, I think, to offset the same ingredient which Mr. Stearns charges!

The first objection named is embraced in this quotation: "In that part of the orbit which lies outside of the earth's orbit, the moon's mean velocity is 4,600 miles per hour greater than when she is within the earth's orbit; and if this were not so, she could not go around the earth in going around the sun. Suppose now the line of the moon's apses to be in syzygy, the apogee being at the point of opposition. In passing to her apogee in this case, she recedes from both the earth and the sun; and, at every point from her perigee to her apogee, the attractive power of both acts at an obtuse angle with a tangent to her orbit. Both attractive forces, therefore, must retard her velocity at every point between perigee and apogee. But it is a well-known fact that from quadrature to opposition her velocity is accelerated. What accelerates it?"

Now, Mr. Stearns admits all that, partly by implication, partly by direct statement—that is, he accepts the premises, first, that the effect of gravity is to retard velocity; secondly, that the gravitating force upon the moon from quadrature to opposition is at a maximum; and he says, in words, that in that part of the orbit "the velocity is accelerated." Then, the question is, what, upon the premises, causes the acceleration? This question is not answered, directly; but the answer which is necessarily implied is, that the retardation of gravity causes it.

The second objection the respondent himself grants that he has not disposed of quite satisfactorily to his own understanding; so I will let it stand as it is.

The third objection has reference to the comparative effects of the sun and the moon in raising the tides; and the critic allows that the position which it is his work to explain away, would be correct "if the attraction of the sun were exerted at a dead lift"—that is, if the sun's greater attraction were so exerted, it would pull every drop of water down in spite of the moon's attempt, by her feeble attraction, to pull it up. "But," he continues, "the attraction is not exerted at a dead lift"—in other words, the water is drawn up, not perpendicularly, but along an "inclined plane three feet high and ten million feet long;" so that "as the ten million feet subtend four hundred times as large an angle at the moon as at the sun, it is manifest that the sun acts at a very decided disadvantage as compared with the moon in pulling each drop up the plane." Now, I submit that this is a departure from the text, the real point of which is, not a question as to the exact process by which a complete tidal wave is formed, but as to the possibility of the moon's weak force so far overcoming the sun's stronger force as to start the water, whether straight upward or along an inclined plane. Then, objection third, too, still waits for means of removal.

The fourth objection concerns the matter of force in the direction of the centre being counteracted by that acting in the direction of the horizon. Mr. Stearns offers substantially the same hypothesis regarding it which was offered by Mr. T. A. Burke (in No. 165); and as I have already given a word of rejoinder to the latter, I will let the explanation of the former rest.

The fifth objection relates to the claim that centrifugal force is increased by gravity when acting at an acute angle to the tangent. Our remover of objections says that he does not question the reasoning employed in the denial of that claim, but does question the statement of one of the premises upon which the reasoning is started. For the purpose of making plain the matter of conclusion from proposition, I will state now that I understand Newton's idea to be that the moon's very tendency to fall to the earth is the force which (acting somewhat indirectly, to be sure) helps—aye, wholly prevents—her from falling; and it is from this idea that I dissent. Does the questioner venture to assent to the same idea?

The sixth objection is indicated in this quotation: "Newton alleges that the inertia of a revolving body tends to throw it from its orbit at a tangent. This I deny, and affirm that the inertia of a revolving body would cause it to move for ever in a curve; for, when a body is revolving, its particles have different velocities, and as each particle, if not disturbed, will preserve its own particular velocity for ever, the body will move for ever in a curve." About the answer reproduced from Herschel's *Outlines*, and from *The Cambridge Course of Elementary Physics*, all I have to say, or need to say, is that I accept it as a more detailed statement of the objection—nothing further.

As there is really no point, but simply a shifting of

terms, without change of meanings, in the satisfying of the seventh and eighth objections; and as I have developed the matter contained in them in my letter under the head of *A Sum in Simple Arithmetic*, printed March 21, there is no necessity for adding anything here with reference thereto.

In conclusion, permit me to say that the test which Mr. Stearns has applied to decide the question of his own idiocy, strikes me as quite original. H. B. W.

APRIL 7, 1868.

[We take this occasion to qualify the statement made at the close of our comment in No. 165, upon one of the points touched in the above communication. The statement is this: The body, at starting, will depart from the curve pointed out by our correspondent in the proportion of seventy miles to sixteen feet, and, instead of reaching the ground in a "given number of seconds," will take leave of absence altogether, shooting off into an orbit of its own, to revolve for ever a little moon, meek follower of its elder sister. Now, our intention was, to make the taking leave dependent upon the condition that *other things should be equal*; but, by a slip of thought at the time, we failed to get in the words naming the condition. Certainly, we should not wish to be understood as expressing the opinion that a body upon which so-called gravity is acting continually, could hold itself from its gravitating centre by the simple force of projection, in whatever direction, and however great the degree of force might be. Unmistakably, there must be a time when this force will be expended, and, since there is no conceivable means of self-renewal, when the central attraction will come again into full operation. And here we will suggest to the "Author of *Prometheus*" that the Newtonian course is not bettered in the least by ruling out the particular count in the charges against it to which we are having allusion; for, unless its advocates can prove that the waste of that force—a waste admitted by themselves—is made up from some outward source, the cause falls, helplessly, to its last resting-place, of course. Can this be proved? We will assert so much, at any rate—namely, that our correspondent, Mr. Stearns, neither offers directly nor implies anything entitled to be called proof. To be sure, his letter holds out what, evidently, was intended for affirmative testimony in the case. It contains this passage: "I deny in toto that gravity is either stronger or weaker than the 'centrifugal'—it should be 'tangential'—force in any part of the orbit in which the planet may be." Let us see if he means really to make the distinction which is made here. In what manner is the planet held in its orbit? By "the exact balancing of antagonistic forces." What are these antagonistic forces? The words employed intimate, plainly enough, that they are gravity on the one side and centrifugal force on the other side. Gravity being stronger at one than at another point of the orbit, centrifugal force likewise must vary in order to keep the balance. What produces the variation? It comes in consequence of a variation of orbital velocity. At aphelion, the centrifugal force, resulting from slow motion, is so far overcome by gravity as to cause the planet to descend toward its perihelion. If that term *overcome* is not a proper one to use, what term with precisely what definition is proper? If it is, then where is the inaccuracy in saying that "gravity is stronger than the centrifugal force," at aphelion? We fancy that it will be difficult for Mr. Stearns to answer our enquiries satisfactorily to himself even; hence to show for just what reason he substitutes *tangential* for *centrifugal* force. But in case he does make clear the difference in the significations of the two terms, then it devolves upon him to tell through exactly what process he holds centrifugal force in balance with gravity. Does he manage, somehow, to generate different degrees of the former by bringing to bear his tangential force? If so, and if this is sometimes weaker and sometimes stronger than gravity, how does he govern its action so that its product, *centrifugal* force, shall be always equal with gravity? Answers to these questions involve an answer to the question implied by what is given as "the last objection of 'Prometheus'"—namely, the question how centrifugal force can be kept in poise with gravity, while the latter increases in proportion to the square of the decrease in distance, and while the tangential force which causes the former increases according to simple decrease in distance. Let us have a clear elucidation in rejoinder, if we may.

Respecting the counteracting of perpendicular by horizontal force, both Mr. Stearns and Mr. Burke present what seems at first view to be a point, but which, upon close examination, proves to be without point; for their statements have it that the projectile does fall just as far toward the earth's centre, in a given time, as does the body upon which the force of projection is not exerted—thus, the cannon-ball, thrown the distance of four miles and ten-elevenths, will not be, at the end of the second, upon the sea's surface, but just far enough above the surface to make up for the earth's curvature. The trouble is that the mental eyes of the observers lose sight of the fact that the ball, in its passage, curves downward a good deal faster than the earth curves; so that, at the second's end, there is no residue of distance to be fallen through. The gentlemen will

discover, if they make sure their bearings, that, according to their process, one velocity produces the same effect which another produces; therefore, that gravity is *not* counteracted in the least by however strong a projectile force which results from velocity; therefore, that the very thing for which they have been arguing falls into *no* thing.—ED.
ROUND TABLE.

MR. STEARNS AS A CRITIC AND REASONER. TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: It was certain from the beginning that my letters to *The Round Table* would call forth more or less of satire and coarse abuse and, I apprehended, of argument also. What was not certain was the proportion and the quality of the ingredients. This problem in pharmacy Mr. Edward J. Stearns has been the first to solve, and I trust that I shall not be suspected of stooping to the low ribaldry in which he has so freely indulged, if I say that he has done it to my entire satisfaction. Mr. Stearns has placed me in the dilemma of being unable to thank him for a service without seeming to satirize him, and this I have no intention of imitating him far enough to do; but I shall endeavor to make both my indebtedness to him and my sense of it apparent as I proceed.

From the days of chivalry it has been held magnanimous to protect defenceless and trembling innocence. Mr. Stearns, who knows the beauty of beneficent strength and understands what a big boy ought to do under such circumstances, steps to the front of "Gravitas" and the other boys, and tells them he'll protect them. All that any outsider can say of this is that it is a virtuous action. The limit of both courtesy and right would be overstepped by saying that it is anything else. If there is in Mr. Stearns's patronage anything of arrogant insult—if it is like the offer of a wingless and decrepit barn-yard fowl to protect the eagle from the dangers of the upper air—it is a matter for those to decide and act upon whom he has patronized, and I shall not notice it. But, unfortunately, in the same sentence in which Mr. Stearns declares his determination to take care of the boys, he charges, with a *non-dicere*, that my objections to Newton's theory have been "boastfully advanced." I cannot speak harshly of one who has done me so great a service as has Mr. Stearns, but I must correct him when he goes wrong. I challenge him to point out a single boastful word that I ever wrote. Possibly, Mr. Stearns may not be able to discriminate between my spirit and purpose in attacking what I know to be error, and his own in protecting the boys; but I assure him, as plainly as courtesy and my obligations to him will allow, that there is a difference.

Mr. Stearns takes up the eight points in my various letters to *The Round Table*, and as summarily disposes of "seven of them" as Falstaff did of the rogues in buckram, the eighth possibly being saved by his being rusty on the evection and by Herschel's failing him just there. Let us sorrowfully and afar off follow Mr. Stearns along his destructive track to where the rust arrests him, and gather up with pious purpose the dry bones and the buckram which his wrath hath strewn—provided, of course, that he is more successful in understanding and handling an argument than he is in discriminating moral qualities.

1. His first step is to affirm that there is no acceleration of the moon's geocentric motion between quadrature and opposition. But as everybody since Tycho Brahe's day knows that there *is* an acceleration of the moon's geocentric motion in that part of her orbit, Mr. Stearns's railroad is not to the purpose. Mr. Stearns evidently has not even a suspicion of the reason why I referred to the moon's heliocentric motion in my query. I did this because the geocentric and the heliocentric acceleration are due to the same cause and should always be considered together.

2. Next, Mr. Stearns is not sure that he knows the evection from the variation. He thinks, however, that "*The Cambridge Physics* make the gravity of the moon to the earth at opposition less than at conjunction, but than at quadrature." But this is not to the purpose. Why? Because, if my argument is good at all, it proves that the moon's gravity to the earth is at its maximum at opposition; and if it is at its maximum at opposition it is greater there than at quadrature, whatever may be the case as between quadrature and conjunction. And if the moon's gravity to the earth is greater at opposition than at quadrature, the Newtonians cannot account for the evection.

3. Mr. Stearns says my objection to the received theory of the tides would be sound—and I hold him to the admission—if it were not for the fact that the moon pulls the water of the ocean up an inclined plane. But suppose the sun is in such a position that he pulls every drop of water directly down the inclined plane with a power nearly two hundred times greater than that with which the moon pulls it up; will the tide ever rise? Besides, if Mr. Stearns were right, the tide would rise on the eastern shore of the Atlantic two hours before the moon crosses the meridian there, not two afterward. And again, Mr. Stearns forgets that an inclined plane is a mechanical power only in consequence of its supporting a part of the weight. If he will tell me what there is under the tide-wave to take off a part of the earth's attraction, I will at once admit the efficacy of his inclined plane.

4. He says that if a projectile, when discharged horizontally, goes as far toward the earth's centre in a given time as if gravity had acted alone, we must give up not only

Newton's theory but also the geometrical proposition that the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is longer than the base. What absurdity! Right-angled triangles and hypotenuses and bases have nothing whatever to do with the case, and untold error has arisen from supposing that they have. The question is simply as to the action of forces, and the problem is, Where will the body be at the end of a given time if each force produces its full effect according to its nature? Gravity acts at all times in the direction of the centre, while you say—though I deny that any force can ever change its direction—that the projectile force changes its direction every moment. Therefore, the former will carry the tide sixteen feet nearer the centre in one second, while the latter will carry it a given linear distance, whether rectilinear or curvilinear does not matter, from the place of projection.

5. Here I must confess that Mr. Stearns has well-nigh astounded me. He has simply introduced one of my own most trusted arguments against Newton's theory, but which I have been holding in reserve till such time as I could present it in connection with a diagram—viz.: that from aphe- lion to perihelion Newton gives us, in point of fact, no cen- trifugal force at all, inasmuch as the tangential tendency is then in reality a centripetal force. Mr. Stearns's great master, intent as it would seem on the tangent to a circle, took for his centrifugal force the tendency of a tangential force to carry the body away from the centre, if unopposed. Even in the case of a circle this theory of centrifugal force involves the great Newton in the absurdity of taking the versed sine of an arc as equal to the segment of the secant intercepted between the tangent and the curve, when we know that such equality not only does not exist, but is utterly impossible even in tissues or arcs indefinitely small. But when we have an elliptical orbit, with the sun in the lower focus, and tangents of infinitesimal length, not only does the tangential tendency throughout the whole of the downward curve carry the body toward the sun; but there is no single point between aphe- lion and perihelion at which the planet either does or can follow the tangent long enough for the tangential tendency to become a centrifugal force. In each instant gravity pulls the body away from the tan- gent before the tangential tendency can cease to be a centripetal force and become a centrifugal force. Many will deny this; Mr. Stearns especially will never see that it is so; but with a diagram it can be proved easily enough. It follows that from aphe- lion to perihelion there is no force to oppose gravity, and during the whole of this time it goes on uninterruptedly drawing the body toward the centre. Where would the earth be in the six months which intervene between her aphe- lion and her perihelion, or in a fraction of it? We should all be frying in the sun long before Mr. S. finds out which side of this debate he is on or what we are talking about. But, says Mr. S., if the planet should ever reach the point at which the forces again act at right angles—i. e., the perihelion—the increase of velocity imparted by gravity will be changed into centrifugal force. *This is not so.* I showed in my last letter that gravity never does and never can increase the tangential tendency even when this is a centripetal force. I cannot hope that Mr. Stearns understood one syllable of that demonstration. I am fully prepared to hear him say, it will be strange if he does not say, that it was all nonsense. But whether Mr. Stearns shall ever succeed in understanding it or not, the simple truth is that two forces never do and never can combine into a single force except when they act in the same direction. Forces acting at any angle may conspire to produce a resultant or diagonal motion, but in this case each force produces its own individual effect in its own direction precisely as if the other had not acted, and at the end of one instant or of a century the forces are as perfectly distinct and separate as at the beginning. The quantity of motion which gravity and the projectile force impart to a body in one instant when they act at an acute angle is no greater than that which they impart to it in the same time when they act at right angles; but in the former case the orbital velocity—not the tangential tendency—is increased simply because the projectile force has been complying enough to act in the same direction with gravity, whose direction is fixed and inflexible, and therefore the effect of gravity is to be added to the effect of the projectile force. But gravity has had nothing whatever to do with the tan- gential tendency, and when the forces cease to act together this is neither greater nor less than it was before. I beg leave to assure Mr. Stearns, in the politest manner possible, that if he cannot understand this, his inability to do so concerns himself much more nearly than it does me. I may pity him, but I do not see what else I can do for him. When a force acts upon a body, it continues, until neutralized, to impel the body in its own primitive direction and not in a direction inclined to this. Gravity and the projectile force do not combine in each instant to produce a new projectile force, but each accomplishes, and continues to accomplish, its effect in its own original direction. When they act at an acute angle, their effects in respect to the orbital motion are additive; when they act at an obtuse angle, gravity, being a constant and exhaustless force, opposes the projectile force till it neutralizes it, and does not and cannot change its direction. And as gravity acts at infinite distances, an infinite projectile force would be required to counterbalance for ever the attraction of a single particle of matter, since the constant subtraction of even infinitesimal parts would ultimately overcome and neutralize any finite force, however great.

6. Mr. Stearns says that because the particles of a revolving body move with different velocities, the gun of some Irishman or other was "a good, honest, Anglo-Saxon gun." How that important matter may be I do not know, not being well-informed in regard to ethnological guns or sons of guns; but what I do know is, that the mutual attractions of two spheres may or may not be the same as if all the matter in each were collected at its centre, and yet the particles of a revolving body move with different veloci- ties. The proposition which Mr. Stearns cites from the *Principia* has nothing whatever to do with the case. Even if each planet consisted of but a single particle, the sides of this would have to move with different velocities or it could not revolve around the sun. Mr. Stearns quotes some- thing about the pendulum, as if the particles of a pendulum, describing as they do unequal arcs in equal times, did not move with different velocities. Neither has he analytical insight enough to see that when water flies from a wheel or a millstone bursts nothing is proved but that force, acting from the centre outward and giving actual impulses from the centre, may overcome cohesion. But, pray, is there any actual impulse from the centre outward in the case of the planets, according to Newton's hypothesis? The very cases you quote against me make in favor of my sys- tem and against your own, if you were but capable of seeing it. Yet at the same time that Mr. Stearns is making this exhibition of himself he attempts to sneer at me as not knowing the very alphabet of Newton's theory, and lectures me about discretion. It needed but this to complete the pic- ture which Mr. Stearns had so felicitously begun. My gratitude to Mr. Stearns would prompt me to advise him to study logic and try to find out what reasoning is and how it is done, and to learn that he cannot prove that two and two are sixteen by saying that black is round and hot is square; but my action might be misunderstood as reciprocating not Mr. Stearns's services but his billingsgate, and beside I do not know that Mr. Stearns will ever try to reason again while he lives. For he seems to be an old man, and it is difficult to believe that his letter to *The Round Table* is not his first attempt at reasoning.

7. At the seventh point Mr. Stearns slashes in vigorously on my side again, and affirms that gravity and the cen- trifugal force are equal at every point in the orbit. Mr. S. argues surprisingly well here for a *debutant* of venerable years, and I do not think that when he discovers his where- abouts and gets back on the other side he can answer this, the first-born argument of his muse, or of the apple of his eye, or whatever it is that he argues with. The fact that the planet is *there* shows that the forces must be equal at any given point. But Mr. Stearns evidently has no suspicion that in all I said on this point I was reasoning on Newtonian ground, and it looks like a pity to undeceive him and let him see what he has done. He may commit suicide, and I should feel his loss severely, not knowing where I could supply his place. But will Mr. S. please to explain how a falling body can cease to fall and begin to rise unless a stronger force than gravity intervenes? And will he then explain how a body can cease to rise and begin to fall unless gravity becomes stronger than the repelling force? And then will he please to explain how v^2 (the expression for the centrifugal force) can always be equal to g , when $v^2 \propto g$ and r is sometimes greater and sometimes less than unity? And, finally, will he please to explain how two quantities, one of which, according to the Newtonians, varies as the cube of the distance, and the other as the square of the distance, can be equal at every point of an elliptical orbit? And when he shall have done all these things, he will but just have begun to prove that, by Newton's hypothesis, the cen- trifugal force and gravity are and can be equal in every part of the orbit.

8. Mr. Stearns is as formidable to his friends here as at other points along his destroying path—if, indeed, a mere path can now contain his conquering car. In the first place, it is probable, from a criticism which he attempts on me, that he is not aware that when $g \propto \frac{1}{D^2}$, the gain of g when D is diminishing always varies directly as D^3 , D^2 in the latter clause standing for the square of the distance lost. In the next place, he does not seem to know that his own side teach that in the same curve the velocity varies inversely as the distance from the centre, the proposition being, indeed, only a necessary consequence of the fact that the radius vector describes equal areas in equal times. He demands of me, too, my reason for saying that the square of the velocity divided by the radius of the osculating circle is a smaller quantity than the square of the velocity. I think I can settle the point for Mr. Stearns, and so relieve his reasoning faculties of the strain which so simple and transparent a matter seems to have put upon them. First, then, at aphe- lion and perihelion the radii of the osculating circles are equal. Consequently, if the radius of the osculating circle is a proper fraction at perihelion it is a proper fraction at aphe- lion. Then, since $v^2 \propto \frac{1}{D}$, and $g \propto \frac{1}{D^2}$, it follows that $v^2 \propto g$. Then, in comparing the forces at any point in the orbit, for v^2 we may substitute g , and whenever $r < 1$, $g > g$. That is, the centrifugal force at aphe- lion would be greater than gravity, which is as much opposed to Mr. Stearns's philosophy as it is to Newton's. Before quitting this point, however, I wish to enter a protest, certainly in no arrogant spirit, against the universal practice of the Newtonians in regarding an inverse ratio as a fraction. Any absurdity can be proved in that way. Besides, all this reasoning about osculating circles in connection with the variation of the cen- trifugal force is simply putting the cart before the horse, or

the effect in the place of the cause. The centrifugal force does not vary because the osculating circle does, but the osculating circle varies because the centrifugal force does.

A single word more, and I shall have done with Mr. Stearns for ever. Misapplying a borrowed sneer, he says that when he could not understand my book he suspected he was an idiot, but that when he could not understand my letters on astronomy he thanked heaven he was not an idiot. I have never heard that Jerrold reassured himself after reading *Sordello* by discovering that there was something else much simpler which he could not understand. It is true that incapacity is often a great advantage in this world, and those who are blessed with it no doubt do right to thank heaven for it; but I think Mr. Stearns is carrying the doctrine too far in claiming that incapacity is or can ever be anything but incapacity at last, however often proved.

Mr. Stearns is competent to speak for himself in saying that my system will not be received, but he is not competent to speak for others. I know already of more than one profound and able scholar who says unreservedly that the few blows I have already struck have wounded Newton's system beyond recovery. But perhaps Mr. Stearns means his sneers, like his arguments, to be taken by contraries. Perhaps I ought to understand him as acting on the "you-preach-and-I'll-keep-em-awake" principle—as intending only to pelt the congregation and keep up the interest while I argue the question. More than once in reading his letter the suspicion crossed my mind that it was written by some sincere but timid friend to me and my book, who, lacking the sturdiness and vigor for an open course, had adopted in his weakness the poor expedient of setting up sham arguments on the other side in order that I might have the seeming credit of throwing them down. It seems incredible that any sane man, actuated by a real spirit of opposition, would have argued as Mr. Stearns has done. It is certain that had he been actuated by the disreputable motive suggested above, he could not have done more against Newton in the despicable rôle of traitor than in the one which he has chosen.

There is but one thing more which I should like to hear from Mr. Stearns. He has not yet told the public whether he thought my book worth reviewing or not. There are a good many boys who need protecting against the book. Mr. Stearns is evidently equal to the occasion. Let him throw himself in front again; remembering, however, that after his late letter to *The Round Table*, everything he says or does will be taken in an opposite direction.

This is all I have to say to Mr. Stearns. I should delight to argue these questions with any one who would approach them in the same love of truth and desire to find it which animate me, and I respectfully invite any and every such man to come and let us reason together concerning them. But with a man who has no more elevation of mind and character than to offer brutal insult to one who teaches a new doctrine I neither can nor will have anything to do. If I had not noticed his last letter my silence would have been misunderstood and construed to my disadvantage; but I wish to say now and here, once for all, that I can enter into no such debate as Mr. Stearns's letter may have seemed calculated to provoke. I hope, indeed, that Mr. Stearns will go on pelting the congregation and protecting the boys; but he cannot reasonably expect me to notice him any more, even under promptings of gratitude, until he both mends his manners and finds out which side of the question he is on. He may know, however, through all my silence, that while I admire him greatly as a pelt, I could go even further in regard to his other accomplishments, and say that as a pharmacist and general mixer his equal is certainly not to be found short of the witches of *Macbeth*. That must satisfy him. In conclusion, a far more insulting letter than Mr. Stearns's, if it could be written, might well be forgiven for the sake of the one line in which he alludes to my scientific and spiritual theories as parts of a whole. I will go much further than Mr. Stearns has done, and say that if either Newton's theory of the planetary motions or the received chemical theory of atoms is true, all my opinions of every kind are false; but if, on the other hand, Newton's theory and the theory of atoms are false, it will necessarily follow, by a syllogism which I can easily construct, that, even to those who have no higher faculty than the understanding, all my opinions of every kind are demonstrably true. I accept the issue unreservedly, because it is a just and eminently proper one, and by the decision I am perfectly willing to abide.

I desire, in any event, to write one more letter to *The Round Table* clearing up and establishing every point of mine that has been or may be questioned; and then, if it be the wish of editor and readers, I shall trouble them no more.

Very respectfully,

THE AUTHOR OF *Prometheus in Atlantis*.

APRIL 9, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to this office.

MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS.*

THESE volumes have to do with persons and events so much less imposing than those of the five which preceded them that we have no slight proof

* *History of the United Netherlands; from the death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce—1609.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. Vols. III., IV. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.

of Mr. Motley's increased skill as a narrator in that there is no falling off in interest. Of William the Silent, Philip, and Elizabeth—the appearance of each of whom as the director of great events was nearly synchronous with the opening of the history—William was snatched away at the close of its first instalment; Philip dies hideously in the first of the volumes before us; and, at the outset of the second, Elizabeth disappears, replying "sententiously and grimly" to the counsellors about her bed who besought her to say to whom the crown should pass, "Not to a Rough." In each case these, for so long the leaders in the most momentous struggle in religio-political history, were succeeded by men greatly their inferiors. For a long time there was none to fill the room of William, whose life, so far as it went, was the prototype of our own Washington's; and when at length his son takes his place, although Maurice was a very great general, greater in this respect than his father had been—when, to use the appropriate motto which Mr. Motley reproduces until we almost get tired of it, "*tandem fit surculus arbor*,"—he by no means attains to his father's intellectual stature, nor can even the statesmanship and wisdom of Olden-Barneveld, supplementing Maurice's military talents, make up either to the country or to the dramatic interest of history for the loss in the original champion of human liberty. For Philip II., it was clearly to the good of the world, certainly of the Netherlands and probably of Spain, when there came an end, inconceivably horrible, to his bad life; but there is a fascination in his unmingled wickedness that passes entirely out of the narrative when we come to his son and successor Philip III.—"a very little man, with pink cheeks, flaxen hair, and yellow beard, with a melancholy expression of eye, and protruding underlip and jaw;" who had been afflicted through childhood "with a chronic itch or leprosy, which had undermined his strength," and, in manhood, was "below mediocrity in mind, and had received scarcely any education," except that he knew some "phrases, more or less intelligible, in French, Italian, and Flemish, but was quite incapable of sustaining a conversation in either of those languages," beside which he "had learned, and subsequently forgotten, the rudiments of the Latin grammar," these, with the catechism, making up "his whole stock of erudition;" whose darling object in life, moreover, was to convince the Pope of the necessity of proclaiming the virginity of the Virgin's mother; all of which was in fact of very little consequence, since he was merely a puppet of which the strings were in the hands of his "favorite," the Duke of Lerma, by whom the conduct of affairs was so thoroughly monopolized as to occasion the "ridiculous and pathetic" spectacle of the poor king "standing at a solemn green table till his little legs were tired, waiting to transact business with applicants who never came, . . . [while] the doors of the great duke's apartments in the same palace would be beleaguered by an army of courtiers, envoys, and contractors, who had paid solid gold for admission." In England the new sovereign was by no means thus abject, yet it was a great change from the masculine old Tudor who never forgot her kingdom's dignity and, on the whole, cared as much for protestantism struggling in the Low Countries as she was capable of caring for anything out of her own realm, to her Stuart successor, a "hard-featured, rickety, fidgety, shambling, learned, most preposterous Scotchman;" who was called by his warlike neighbor, Henry of Navarre, a captain of arts and doctor of arms; for whom there could never have been "a more unfit place or unfit hour" than the English throne menaced as it then was from abroad and with the fate of protestantism depending upon it; and who speedily proceeded to give the cut direct and even to plot with Spain against plucky, struggling Holland, with its life trembling in the balance and looking to England for the very breath of its existence.

It is only by comparison with other portions of his own work, however, that Mr. Motley can be said to be at any disadvantage with respect to his subject. Even of this part it is true, as it is of the whole, that there existed no other such opportunity for the historian. It is not only that here is the turning point in the world's history, the sharply-defined transition from one era to another, nor yet that in the Netherlands, as here presented to us, Americans may find the germ of their own republic, its civil and religious liberty, its free schools and popularization of learning, not to add the inherent weak points in a too unreservedly popular government. In addition to these attractive features was the grand consideration that there was no other series of events of commensurate proportions and consequences which a multitude of pens had not

traversed in every direction until they had worn it threadbare, which had not been written over and through and around, and controverted and reconstructed as new materials for history afforded new light, and which has not come to us in some shape or other as the composite work of a score or a hundred of hands. But Mr. Motley has been doubly fortunate in having not merely a fresh theme but an amplitude of material which is rarely found in such case, a wealth of detail which could have been amassed on scarcely any incident of that eventful half century until the recent disclosure of the treasures of the Spanish archives, and still more fortunate in his own skill in using, without being overwhelmed, a bewildering mass of authorities, contemporaneous and other, rare pamphlets and manuscripts ordinarily inaccessible, and in no case available for any other than an accomplished polyglot.

The degeneracy we have mentioned in the case of the leading actors in the drama is matched by a similar inferiority generally in the secondary characters and in the proportions of the operations that engage them. Henry of Navarre, it is true, ascends the French throne, and he is second to none merely as a hero, but even he becomes less heroic and less interesting as orthodox king than he was as champion of the Huguenots and opponent of the League, and the last we see of him in his old knight errant style is in the brilliant affair at Ivry, which Mr. Motley describes in nervous phrases that make it a fit companion piece to Lord Macaulay's stirring lines. Fortunately for the United Netherlands, the possibility of great operations on the part of Spain ended with the death of the Duke of Parma—the most brilliant and heroic of the Spanish governors, a great man and not wholly a bad one, a most adroit diplomat, a general whom not even impossibilities could daunt or hinder, whose consistent course of falsehood was all in the service of that master to whom his fidelity never wavered, while his preterhuman efforts in his service never faltered, even when his immense tasks had made him physically a wreck when he should still have been in the prime of life, yet who only escaped by his untimely, though still timely, death from Philip's congenial scheme of stabbing him and his fame, he wholly unsuspecting of it. After Parma came a succession of nobodies. His place was first assumed by an *ad interim* sort of person, old Count Peter Ernest Mansfield, who was ruthlessly hectoring and held in subjection by his son, Count Charles—which suggests one of Mr. Motley's incidents not particularly pertinent in this place, but for which we cannot resist the temptation to make room. The Mansfields, father and son, had got into disgrace with Parma, and by way of making sympathy for themselves they adopted the extraordinary expedient of covering their walls with caricatures indicating the indignities put upon them by the Duke:

"Among others, one picture represented Count Peter lying tied hand and foot, while people were throwing filth upon him; Count Charles being portrayed (*sic*) as meantime being kicked away from the command of a battery of cannon by De la Motte. . . . There was so much stir about these works of art that Alexander [Farnese, the Duke of Parma] transmitted copies of them to the king, whereupon Charles Mansfield, being somewhat alarmed, endeavored (*sic*) to prove that they had been entirely misunderstood. The venerable person lying on the ground, he explained, was not his father, but Socrates. He found it difficult, however, to account for the appearance of La Motte, with his one arm wanting and with artillery by his side, because, as Farnese justly remarked, artillery had not been invented in the time of Socrates nor was it recorded that the sage had lost an arm."

Such were the couple into whose hands the Spanish government of the Netherlands devolved, and the year they held it was a succession of wrangling and broils. Then came the Archduke Ernest, a person of grand schemes which had all come to nothing, and for whom, a plan having failed which was to give the French crown to him instead of to Henry IV., this provision was made. The need of the Spanish interest in the Netherlands was for a hard fighter with plenty of troops and of money to pay them: but Ernest was impoverished; he was "gentle, weak, melancholy, addicted to pleasure, a martyr to the gout;" he "brought no troops, but he brought six hundred and seventy gentlemen, pages, and cooks, and five hundred and thirty-four horses, not to charge upon the rebellious Dutchmen withal, but to draw coaches and six." This personage was at once almost distraught by office-seekers and the squabbles of pretty much everybody about him; furthermore, he detested Spaniards and lost no opportunity to insult them; so that altogether he involved himself in perplexities from which he was wont to seek refuge in tears. After a year or two of this sort of thing Ernest died, and there came another *ad interim* administration with anarchy for another year, and then the new governor, the Archduke Albert, who afterward married the Infanta Isabella, the two, under the title of "the Archdukes," conducting affairs until the end of the book, and allowing the war, though

vigorous and heroic efforts were made by Spinola to push it to a victory, to expire by exhaustion.

The events chronicled in these volumes lack the intensity of action we have seen before. In fact, the conclusion of all—a truce necessitated by sheer exhaustion, by lack of any leaders on the Spanish side, and by the lukewarmness of their natural allies on that of the Netherlands—is unsatisfactory and incomplete. Yet the story of this score of years is by no means without its share of gallant exploits. Mr. Motley excels in picturesque battle scenes, and he finds ample occasion for the exercise of his skill in such incidents as the capture of Amiens or Breda Castle, the battle of Nieupoort, or—which is best of all—the siege of Ostend; in fact, of any one of those brilliant campaigns in which Maurice revolutionized the art of war, and brought warriors from all Europe to learn it of him. No doubt, had Maurice had requisite resources, had he been able to rely upon the support which was due him, had there been a strong head in control of affairs instead of the divided counsels of a democracy, the war, after Parma's death, would have been brought to a speedy and glorious close; as it was—to use a detestable but expressive phrase—it simply slumped out. However, the military operations and the details of administration occupy but a portion of the volumes. The history of the Netherlands at this time is but a strand inextricably intertwined with those of France and England and Spain, and not disconnected from Germany, the Papacy, and the Turks. It is necessary to get a notion of the fabric that its threads shall be traced, but not minutely followed, to the extent which Mr. Motley follows them, when they became involved in knots and snarls of their own. Very considerable curtailment, we think, might have advantageously been made in this direction, and in the interminable diplomatic details scarcely less wearisome to the reader than to their impatient and expectant observers. Aside from what Mr. Motley errs, if he does err, in giving in exaggerated proportion, there is much else that was essential to the completeness of the picture—the maritime expeditions to the Arctic seas and to the spice islands, numerous naval exploits that recall the connection noted by Mr. Froude between puritanism and piracy—all of them interesting in themselves and pleasant as transitions, but distinctly excrescences and interruptions of the continuity which oblige us to repeat the operation, too frequently necessary, of going back to pick up dropped threads. But before we pass to what we consider the blemishes we must mention the firmness and precision with which Mr. Motley lays down the lines which constitute his portraits, stepping aside now and then from the work immediately in hand to add one which occurs to him, and at intervals addressing himself deliberately to the task and deftly and rapidly throwing off the likeness before us. We have never seen pictures more vivid in their way. His Elizabeth is pretty much that of Mr. Froude, or rather that which Mr. Froude is likely to give us before he has done with her—with great qualities yet imperious, storming, swearing, niggardly, vacillating, an odious haridan and painted old humbug, deceitful yet by no means the embodied lie that almost all were with whom she had to deal. His Philip is Mr. Gayarré's, but intensified, his dulness and fatuity shown as that gentleman's very faulty yet still graphic volume did not show them, and with his thorough turpitude painted in colors so horribly black as to exclude even the ray or two of relief to which we think he is entitled; the picture is a horrible one, and the condemnation of him utter, and should be examined by those who cannot read the work in full. Burghley, we think, is underrated, and Henry of Navarre's errors dwelt upon too exclusively for fairness, both from Mr. Motley's thorough-going advocacy of the Netherlands cause. But it is in the minor studies, in the outline sketches of subordinate personages, especially of such as have their comic aspect, that this facility of portraiture stands Mr. Motley in his best stead; and examples of its exercise would be so hard to miss in any dozen consecutive pages that we shall not tax our waning space with their enumeration.

No one can have read these volumes without such pleasure as very few books can occasion, as no history, perhaps, since Macaulay's, has occasioned, nor can we lay them down without impatient expectation of their successors which are to complete the work in the narration of the European struggle, in which the Netherlands were involved, in the first half of the seventeenth century. Yet there are still blemishes, less marked, it is true, than they were at the outset of the work, whose suppression would add greatly to the reader's pleasure. On their occasional diffuseness and certain kinds of superfluities we have already touched.

Beside these there is a vast deal of iteration both of statement and phrase; a detailing of the "rhetoric" exhibitions as tedious now as they must have been originally; an inordinate tendency to moralize and philosophize, to glide into little gushings and rhapsodizings, which is not exactly to be termed prosing, but which is at times a most unwelcome intrusion. Mr. Motley has, to some extent, the fault of over-estimating the dulness of his readers, or else of underrating his skill as a narrator; at any rate, he presents himself, like Peter Quince, but without the necessity which existed in the peculiarities of his histrionic following, to prompt sluggish minds and suggest what ought to be suggested spontaneously if at all. His frequent presentation of himself thus in the capacity of chorus, sometimes in a clause or sentence, sometimes with a page, inspires one partly with a sensation like that of having a pun explained, partly with the emotion one feels toward a fussy cicerone who constantly tells us to Look there! and denies us the pleasure of finding out, or the graceful flattery of persuading us that we have found out for ourselves that which he has led us to see. Mr. Motley, too, has a genuine fund of that quiet humor so necessary in some form or other to the successful historian, and such fertility of thought as well as of language, that it is difficult to account for his lapse in taste both when he indulges in small flings and sneers and in petty wilets entirely unworthy of him, and when he suffers his fancy to be tickled by some such conceit as that about Hans Brewer, Hans Baker, Hans Miller, and thenceforth drags it in by the shoulders whenever occasion affords. Further, he writes distinctly as a partisan, and though there can be no question where our sympathies are due, still the partisanship itself conveys an apprehension of coloring which in fact is seldom practised, yet which, as we have intimated, does appear to the prejudice of Burghley and Henry IV. There are little discrepancies, too, and inconsistencies which are annoying while unimportant, yet which ought to disappear from further works as the not rare lapses of the proof-reader, notably his hopeless jumble of Yankee and English spelling, ought to disappear from the next edition. We do not think that our admiration for Mr. Motley's work and our pride in it are any less than those of many who have given it only the eulogy about which the only difficulty is to desist. He ranks in history, in our estimate, next to Macaulay, and is certainly the only great historian our country has yet produced. The desire, therefore, is natural to see him divest himself of whatever may interpose between him and perfection.

THE KINGS OF ROME.*

II.

WE cannot discuss all the arguments used by Dr. Dyer to show that the *Annales Maximi* escaped the Gallic disaster, nor need we trouble ourselves much about the *Commentarii Pontificum*, which he admits were destroyed on that occasion and restored afterwards. It is amusing, however, to see the complacency with which he asserts, "We have shown that evidence almost unanimously favors the preservation of the *Annales Maximi*," when he has not produced a single piece of evidence that will bear investigation for a moment. What value is to be assigned to the *Commentarii*—supposing, as he asserts, that they were annalistic documents, and not records of law-cases, as is exceedingly likely—he shall inform us himself. On pp. 29, 30 he says:

"Meanwhile, however, between the first edition of these books and their restoration after the Gallic conflagration, the story of Æneas's arrival in Latium and its consequences, together with the miraculous birth of Romulus, had taken firm hold of the public mind. To trace the line of their kings to some god was as favorite a practice among the ancients as to refer the foundation of their city to some demigod or hero. . . . To run counter to stories like these would have been an unpopular act on the part of the pontiffs; nor were the stories themselves ill calculated to promote superstition and priestcraft. They were therefore accepted in the new edition of the *Commentarii*. At the same time, however, the pontiffs were honest enough to insert the original story containing the authentic version of the very speedy foundation of Rome after the arrival of the Greek colony; and hence the inconsistent stories of two Æneases, two Romuluses, the confusion between Ascanius and Iulus, and a double foundation of Rome."

What Dr. Dyer means by "the first edition of these books" we are at a loss to discover, unless it be the original copy of the *Commentarii* which perished at the burning of the city. If this is the case, we are still more puzzled to know what is the meaning of "between the first edition of these books and their restoration after the Gallic conflagration." The original copy of the *Commentarii* must surely have existed up to the time of the conflagration, and by Dr. Dyer's

own showing it was accessible to the patricians, though not to the plebeians. How long, then, was it after the conflagration that the pontiffs undertook to restore their *Commentarii*? He cannot surely mean to assert that a sufficient time elapsed for the growth of the legend of the birth of Romulus. If not, what does he mean? And for whose gratification should the pontiffs have inserted in the restored copy of the *Commentarii* legends that were not in the original one? It could not have been for that of those who had access to the work, for they would have easily discovered the forgery, inasmuch as "the *Commentarii*, down to the burning of the city, were not probably very voluminous." Nor could it have been for that of those who had not such access, seeing that they could not know what legends were in the new copy any more than what were in the old. Again, if the pontiffs could falsify the works which they pretended to restore, what was there to prevent the Pontifex Maximus at any time from falsifying the *Annales Maximi*, seeing that they "were not open to public inspection after the close of each year"? (p. xxv.)

Beside the public annals, consisting, as we have seen, of the *Annales Maximi* and the *Commentarii Pontificum*, Dr. Dyer includes among the sources from which a knowledge of early Roman history might have been derived the private records of the great patrician families. That such existed is plain from the words of Cicero, whose authority in this case may be regarded as perfectly trustworthy, but who does not hold a very exalted opinion of them; "multa enim," he says, "scripta sunt eis, quæ facta non sunt, falsi triumphi, plures consulatus, genera etiam falsa et ad plebem transitiones." "But," says Dr. Dyer, "in most such cases the truth would have been elicited by comparing together the memorials of different families and the whole with the public registers." Now, if contemporary and trustworthy public registers existed, we do not see what necessity there could have been for calling in the aid of private documents, even had these been accessible to the literary chronicler, as they very probably were not. For what patrician family would have been willing to have its claims to triumphs and consulships subjected to the risk of being disproved? On the other hand, if no contemporary public registers existed, authentic history could certainly not have been drawn from these private records. Nor are the other sources mentioned by Dr. Dyer likely to have been much more available. These are the *Libri Pontificales* (if they were distinct from the *Commentarii*), the *Libri Augurales*, the *Libri Linte*, the *Commentarii Regum*, the *Tabulæ Censoriæ*, the *Leges Regiæ*, treaties, buildings, and statues. Not one of them is of any importance for our author's purpose unless he can show that it existed previously to the Gallic conflagration, and that it survived that event. This he cannot do.

Into his discussion of the Greek and Roman historians of Rome we shall not follow him; we have already seen his estimate of Livy and Dionysius. When he comes to treat of the theories of Niebuhr, Lewis, and Schwegler he becomes positively amusing. Niebuhr, looking at the legendary and miraculous character of early Roman history, conjectured, plausibly enough one would think, that it was derived mainly from epic poems of an early date, similar to those which a kindly fate has preserved for us in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Now, there are three things upon which Dr. Dyer insists that go to render the existence of such epic poems as much of a certainty as a probability ever can be. First, Rome was founded by a Greek colony; second, the Romans were acquainted with the art of versification; third, they were very careful about the history of their country. Moreover, that historical songs did exist is certain, if anything in Roman history is. Cicero says: "Gravissimus auctor in Originibus dixit Cato, morem apud majores hunc epularum fuisse, ut deinceps, qui accubarent, canerent ad tibiam clarorum virorum laudes atque virtutes." Varro states: "(Aderant) in conviviis pueri modesti ut cantarent carmina antiqua, in quibus laudes erant majorum, assa voce, et cum tibicine." Dr. Dyer tries to invalidate these statements in the following very ingenious manner: he first quotes a passage from Cicero to show "that this kind of songs, and the singers of them, were held in no great esteem." This is probable enough, though the statement of Cato, upon which Cicero founds his judgement, is capable of quite another interpretation, and seems to be altogether at variance with the words, "morem apud majores . . . fuisse, ut deinceps, qui accubarent, canerent." If all the guests at banquets were in the habit of reciting poetry, the practice could hardly have been disreputable. Cato, however, in the one instance,

*The History of the Kings of Rome. With a Prefatory Dissertation on its Sources and Evidence. By Thomas Henry Dyer, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

may be referring to a late period, when recitation, having fallen into the hands of professional rhapsodes, had become degraded. Every one knows how the word rhapsode became at one time a term of reproach in Greece, how Kleisthenes expelled the rhapsodes from Sikyon, and how Plato excludes them from his republic. At all events, the poems, to have been disreputable, must have existed. Doubtless; so Dr. Dyer goes on to say: "That they were lyrical songs, and not epic rhapsodies, appears from the fact of their being sung to the flute; and no connected history could have been conveyed in snatches of songs after dinner." He does not seem to be aware that the Homeric epics were chanted to the music of the phorminx (vid. *Odys.* viii. 65 sq.); they certainly were not what we call lyrical. Neither is the song of the Scôp in *Beowulf*, which he gives after the mead-feast, lyrical, though it was chanted to the music of the harp, as is expressly stated in the poem, v. 1,063 (ed. Grein):

"þær vās sang and svēg samod ātgādere
fore Healfdenes hildevisan,
gomewudu grēted, gid oft vrecen,
þonne healgamen Hrōðgāres scōp
āfter medobence mænan scolde."

Dr. Dyer surely does not require to be reminded that a Roman *epula* was something very different from an English dinner, and that something more than "snatches of songs" might have been given at the former. That "no connected history could have been conveyed" we cannot admit, when we look at the *Odyssey*; but that no connected history was so conveyed is very probable, seeing that no signs of it have come down to us.

The following argument is quite a curiosity, both in a grammatical and a logical point of view:

"To sing the reign of Tarquin would not agree with Cato's description, which was to sing the *virtues* of famous men, a description which unfortunately banishes from these songs a great part of history, the actors in which are frequently more remarkable for their vices than for their virtues." Of course, Dr. Dyer supposes that one might describe the fight of St. Patrick and the dragon without mentioning the dragon. That would be a better feat than to use Cicero's phrase *laudes atque virtutes* without mentioning the *laudes*. The following piece of reasoning is remarkably cogent: "Niebuhr discovers another sort of historical songs in the *nanie*, or dirges sung at funerals. But the Romans could not have been always singing funeral dirges." (!) We might match it thus: Dr. Dyer discovers another sort of historical records in the *Annales Maximi* kept in the Regia. But the Pontifex Maximus could not have been always writing *Annales Maximi*. But enough of these curiosities. If we were to mention all the examples of weak, false, or silly reasoning that occur in this book, we should have to mention almost every argument that occurs in it, with the exception of those that are quoted from Niebuhr, Schwegler, and others. One passage we must quote; it is supposed to contain an argument against those who deny the personality of Romulus:

"To this we answer, that the real name of Rome's founder was not Romulus, but Romus (Ρώμος) (*sic*). He was a Greek, or at most the second in descent from a Greek, and is called Romus in most of the Greek traditions. We will here venture a suggestion, that the story of the city (*sic*) having been founded by twins may, perhaps, have had its origin in this double name of Romulus. Romus, indeed, seems to have been identical not only with Romulus, but also with Remus, which are only different forms of the same name. Thus the latter is called Romus, as we have seen above, in the Latin tradition given by Dionysius of the foundation of Rome.

"We do not, therefore, see any valid etymological grounds for rejecting the almost universal testimony of antiquity, that Rome was named after its founder. We might further urge how incredible it is that the Romans, who possessed from the earliest times the art of writing, should have forgotten in the course of a century or so the name of their founder, and been obliged to invent a new one for him. Why, any of the neighboring cities, which were in existence long before Rome, could in all probability have refreshed their memories, had it been necessary" (pp. 57, 58).

Now, there does not exist the shadow of a proof, nor even a tradition, that Romulus was a Greek. Nor is there anything to show that the name Rōmus is but another form of Rōmus, except the passage in Dionysius, in which, most probably, the form Romus is a mistake. We might safely challenge Dr. Dyer to produce another example of such a change of vowel and quantity. There is no doubt a great temptation, especially with *Χαίρε μοι Ρώμα, θνητὸν ἄνθρωπος*, sounding in one's ears, to connect the word Rōma with the Greek word signifying *strength*; nevertheless it is certain that the acceptance of such coincidences as this, and the building of theories upon them, has done more damage to the cause of genuine history than any other whim of the critics whatever. Surely if it is "incredible that the Romans, who possessed from the earliest times the art of writing, should have forgotten in the course of a century or so the name of their founder," it is equally

incredible that, under the same circumstances, they should have divided that name into two, and invented a brother for their founder, with a legend in which it is stated that the one killed the other. Can we imagine Romulus, under one name, killing himself under another?

There are many points in this book which we might discuss, but there are so few arguments that will stand even the touch of criticism, that we may content ourselves with what we have already noticed. Looking upon the results of Dr. Dyer's arguments as a whole, we cannot refrain from pitying an author who, without the slightest amount of critical acumen or historical insight, comes forward with the merest pocket-prejudice to do battle with men like Niebuhr, Schwegler, Lewis, and Mommsen. His aim has evidently not been conscientiously to investigate the traditions of early Rome with the view of finding what truth could be legitimately drawn from them, but to gain an ephemeral notoriety by attempting to defend an ant-hill theory against an attack of the Titans. Histories such as this are not only useless, they inflict a positive injury on the history-reading public. They are dishonest, inasmuch as they do not spring from a sincere desire to arrive at truth; they carry the characteristics of flimsy writing into a region in which, of all others, it should meet with no indulgence or toleration. We must add that the present work is not only weak in logic, it is also, in many places, faulty in grammar. We have marked dozens of sentences which even a tyro in English grammar ought to be ashamed of. The style is dull, lame, and uninteresting.

We are sorry to speak thus severely of a work of which we would gladly have made favorable mention; however, we must be just. History is not a thing we can afford to trifle with, or to shape according to our individual fancies. Better were it to say at once that we know nothing that can be called historical concerning the early ages of Rome, and to relate the legends as they have come down to us, on the understanding that they were legends, than to complicate and falsify history by spinning theories out of our own brains. In history, as in other things, theories should be drawn from facts and not facts from theories.

LIBRARY TABLE.

DAWN. Boston: Adams & Co. London: Triibner & Co.

—The author of *Dawn* seems to have been driven, by a strong sense of the necessity for setting forth certain vices, into an attempt at fiction in order to display them more clearly. The heroism of such an attempt might command our sympathy did it not overstep that intangible but important line which divides courage from impertinence, and show too plainly that the author disregarded the absence of any capacity for the construction of plot or the creation of character, or for submitting to the conventional restraints of grammatical rules. Such earthly trammels are probably far beneath the consideration of one who dwells in the light of a "higher law," and finds pleasure or profit in such commonplace generalizations as the following:

"Too long have our minds been lumbered with doctrines instead of principles," said Miss Evans, her face glowing with earnest thought, 'but the signs of the times are now glorious. Men will no longer feed on husks and dry bones. The call is every day for light, more light, and theories are fast giving place to human experiences. A strong current of individual life, too, is setting in, which inspires every speaker and writer with high and noble thoughts, and they are forced to give bread, and not stones, to the multitude.'"

Trash similar to this, which we have all heard flow so freely from the lips of trance speakers, has done more to injure the cause of Spiritualism than even the detected frauds of unscrupulous mediums, and in *Dawn* the effect of some reasonable cognate suggestions is vitiated by the absurdity which surrounds them. The heroine is a beautiful girl, who would not be altogether distasteful to ordinary people were it not for frequent visitations like the following, which she describes:

"O papa! O Miss Vernon! I have had such a good time," she exclaimed, out of breath and almost wild with excitement. 'What was it all about, child?' 'I was on the hill out here getting flowers when I seemed to hear music all at once in the air. I think I went to sleep, but if it was a dream I know it means something, for I saw a tall, beautiful lady come to me, and on her forehead were the letters M. V. Then she took a little box inlaid with gems, and drew from it a necklace of pearls, and then she went away, and as she turned I saw these words come like a light: "Tell Florence." Now, papa, what did it mean?' Mr. Wyman turned to Miss Vernon, who was weeping."

If ever a cause suffered from injudicious advocacy it is that of Spiritualism, and *Dawn* is one more well-intentioned failure darkening the atmosphere it endeavors to illuminate.

The *North American Review* comes to us after most of the April quarterlies have been disposed of, yet we do not know that there is reason to complain of the delay, since every three months one is convinced of the possibility of a surfeit of even the best things; and by suffering its competitors to precede it, be disposed of, and laid upon the shelf, *The North American* may count upon the leisurely perusal it deserves and, for that matter, requires,—beside which in the present instance there is evidence (note p. 579) of pretty sharp work for a publication of this sort in getting it before

the public as expeditiously as has been done. At any rate, there is no quarterly home or foreign which is to be read with a greater sense of satisfaction and completeness, none at home certainly whose calibre and scholarship approach it—excepting only *The Southern Review*, which still has long strides to make before it can claim to be on an equal footing; none from abroad which, with little superiority in any respect, does not necessitate one's transporting himself into an atmosphere of thought and a range of subject not natural to him. The number before us has never, within our memory, been surpassed. It lacks, we are happy to say, any article liable to the imputation of sensationalism, the only appeal to persons whom *The Review* would not reach in the ordinary course of things being the second of the papers on Boston by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, jr. It is not enough to say that, following up his survey of the commercial decadence of Boston, Mr. Adams has grouped with wonderful clearness and completeness the possible means of remedy, setting forth the scheme of Boston's only hope—namely, that of making herself the seaport of the Great Lakes by means of railways to the foot of Lake Ontario, whereby she will be as near to the water transportation of Western grain as New York, and twenty-four hours nearer to Liverpool, while, by other means which he details, what he calls the friction of putting freights upon vessels may be made much less and less costly in Boston than it can ever be in New York. Beside this—and this is the theme of but a part of his argument—Mr. Adams has made of a subject one would suppose attractive only to the Boston commercial mind the most thoroughly interesting article of its class we have ever read. Somewhat akin to this and scarcely less interesting are Mr. Raphael Pumpelly's *Western Policy in China* and Prof. E. P. Evans's *Pompeii*,—the former detailing the progress made in intercourse with China and its future prospects under the new co-operative policy framed by Sir Frederick Bruce, M. Berthemy, and Mr. Burlingame; the latter treating of the exhumed treasures of Pompeii, which, together with the manifold inscriptions (*dipinti* and *grafiti*), make "the uncovering of any building . . . like turning a new leaf of an immense illustrated folio on the morals, manners, and domestic habits of the Roman people eighteen centuries ago." We can give merely an enumeration of the articles remaining. These are *The Metropolitan Board of Health of New York*, by Edward B. Dalton, M.D.; *The Poor-Laws of New England*, by F. B. Sanborn; *Expatriation and Naturalization*, by J. T. Morse, jr.; *The Translation of the Veda*, by Prof. W. D. Whitney; *Hegel*, by J. E. Cabot; *Charles Dickens*, and *The Church and Religion*, by C. E. Norton; *Quotation and Originality*, by R. W. Emerson; *Shakespeare once more*, by James Russell Lowell. *Hegel* and the last three are especially admirable, Mr. Norton's two pages of eulogy of Mr. Dickens having been apparently fitted in by way of padding to fill a gap of two pages at the end of the number. From Mr. Emerson's and Prof. Lowell's essays we might fill columns, to our own and our readers' satisfaction, with the sparkling passages which we have checked and read for the second time, yet which it would be ruthless to dis sever from their setting. On the whole, we can deliberately pronounce this one of the best numbers of a periodical we have ever read.

The Catholic World for May has two features that almost give it an individuality. One is the opening article on *Tennyson in his Catholic Aspects*, the most circumstantial and elaborate piece of silliness we have seen for many a day. The author seems absolutely to have persuaded herself (he must be a woman—no man could have done this thing) that Mr. Tennyson is at bottom next thing to a Catholic, and conclusively cites him about a hundred times to show him sound on the essentials of faith. The only trouble is the stupid brute fact that the Laureate really never flashes his head with the Pope at all. We can scarcely conceive what class of *The Catholic World's* readers are expected to take interest in the fact that Mr. Tennyson, not being a Catholic, has written several lines which a Catholic poet might have written, but which any Protestant poet might have printed almost equally well without incurring any suspicion of Papal tendencies. Mr. Tennyson has written many other lines that Mr. Tupper might be proud to own, but is Mr. Tennyson therefore a Tupper? In saying this we must not be understood as objecting to the scope of the article, but only to its method. *The Catholic World* is at liberty to prove Mr. Tennyson of any faith it pleases provided it does so without the extreme inconsequence which makes us regret that the space wasted on this paper was not more entertainingly employed. The other is the French translated article (*The Catholic World* would not know its own pages without the assortment of French goods) from *Le Correspondant*, by Antoine d'Abbadie, on Abyssinia. It is thoroughly fresh and charming to hear a man who talks Gondar and King Theodore as glibly and unassumingly and practically as an Albany underground lobbyist talks Broadway. Beside, it is full of new facts, and altogether is the best stroke yet of the editorial scissors among the French periodicals, and a vast improvement upon the thin pietistic Gaulish stuff that has rubbed up our Anglo-Saxon fur in so many numbers past. As to the rest—*que dire*? It is much the same as usual—no better, no worse. *The Sayings of the Fathers of the Desert* are as surprisingly true and prosy and commonplace as ever, the reviews as learned and discriminating, and the religious papers as thoughtful, as earnest, as courteous, and, we fear we must add, to a majority of readers, as uninteresting as ever. *The Roman Gathering*

is remarkable as a non-Catholic view of the Papal question, and *Is It Honest?* is an answer to an attack upon the somewhat celebrated tract of that name, about which we agree with the writer that the dulness of its assailant has infected its defender. The poetry is chiefly noticeable for a fair sonnet by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, not however in his best vein.

The *Galaxy* for April comes to us enlarged and improved to a degree which proves the promise of the new publishers to have been not unmeaning. The new departments are all well planned and ably edited, and bid fair, in fact, to be the most interesting feature of the magazine. The *Galaxy Miscellany* is a collection of short sketches whose light and desultory character does not exactly fit into the plan of the magazine proper, and includes in this number a rather clever satire by Mark Twain, entitled *My Late Senatorial Secretaryship*; an entertaining account of the Old Price Riots at Covent Garden in 1809, by Mr. A. Bromley, and a curious account of the *Camorra* of Naples, a secret league of rogues suppressed by Victor Emanuel. In fact, this miscellany is to us by far the liveliest and most amusing portion of the magazine. Then, under the head of *Drift-Wood*, we have discussions of local affairs by one Philip Quilibet, which are as yet not quite equal to Mr. George Wm. Curtis's charming gossip in *Harper's*, but of which it is perhaps unfair to judge too harshly from a single sample. The names of Mr. Richard Grant White, Professor Youmans, and Mr. Stillman S. Conant are guarantees that the department of *Literature and Art* is all that it should be; and the *Nebula* is about as nebulous as usual, and remarkable chiefly for a stupid and straitlaced attack upon *La Grande Duchesse*. In the magazine proper we do not discern any violent change for better or worse. The paper which will probably attract most notice is the second of Walt Whitman's remarkable yawns, entitled this time *Personalism*, and apparently a sequel to his former article about democracy, which it surpasses, if possible, in incoherency and bombastic unreason. Mentality, Education, and Culture in These States are to give place to the fresh eternal qualities of Being, which are to vitalize our country and our days, and give us a towering Selfhood—this is, as nearly as we can make it out, the gist of Mr. Whitman's article. What the gist means when you have got it is another thing entirely, which the author probably reserves to be answered in another contribution. Our *Millionaires* are caustically handled by T. W. (can it be the Venerable?) Mr. Grant White's able philological papers are continued, and there are two charming poems by Mr. Stedman and Mr. Sill. Of the illustrations, we like best Mr. Hennessy's picture of the wraith in the snow-storm. Mr. Fay's drawing is good, but too evidently labored; and Mr. Winslow Homer's female has a face like the figure-head of a ship. But then, as she is the heroine of *Beechdale*, Miss Marion Harland's new version of *Alone*, it doesn't make so much matter. The new publishers seem inclined to deal liberally with their patrons, and we wish them all the success which it only rests with them to achieve.

The *Northern Monthly* is full of interest. The *Greenback Era* and *The National Debt* are articles that are well worth reading, and with a little more care to avoid such eccentricities of grammar as "whether of the twain" for "which of the two" in the former might be worth a place in the oldest and best of our magazines. The *Proper Use of Stimulants and Narcotics*, by Dr. Beard, is a rather bold stand against the weight of medical authority on the subject it discusses—how successful or conclusive we are not yet prepared to say. It will doubtless pull down about its author's ears a whole hornet's nest of conflicting opinions, which, let us hope, will be useful to somebody. *Easter Day at Rome* is a flippant and superficial piece of travelling commonplace by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D. The *Red Knight* is a rather clever chess story, and *Claude Gueux* is a resuscitated tale of Victor Hugo's youth about one of those saintly thieves and murderers who are so dear to the soul of that eminent Frenchman. The rest of the magazine calls for no especial mention, unless it be the remarkable and cheering fact that there is not in the number a single poem.

THE May number of *Lippincott*, though hardly up to its average of excellence, is still good and will repay the reader. The two most interesting papers to our mind are Mr. Colburn's *Communications with the Pacific and Beyond*, which is thoughtful and suggestive, and Dr. Newman's learned discourse on *The Talmud*; the most entertaining is Mr. Fitzgerald's sketch of *John Neagle, the Artist*. Rev. Walter Mitchell celebrates *Boston Wit and Humor*, but is weak enough to give examples. The most humorous saying in the article is the assertion of the reverend gentleman himself, that "humor belongs to Philadelphia"! A *Village School in Germany* and *An American Fishing Port* are clever companion sketches, and "Loyal en tout" is a better story than usual. Of the *Court of the Tuileries* it is only necessary to say that it is written by Mr. George Makepeace Towle, and *Passing Beyond* is a pretty poem by Edgar Fawcett. Monthly gossip is better than usual, and the book notices marked by the same fault of indiscriminate eulogy we noticed before.

Public Spirit for May is an especially lively and interesting number of a magazine which seems to have made it a specialty to be lively and interesting. *Mating and Check-mating* is pleasantly ended and *My Uncle* is pleasantly continued, and the story of Madame de Sévigné at The Rocks, in Breton seclusion, is quite charmingly told. Then there

are two entertaining essays on *Suicides* and *Stories without Ends*, two sensible ones on *Co-operative Homes* and *Woman's Rights*, and a stupid one about *Perseverance* by a gentleman who seems to have a Scotch immunity from all conception of a joke. The poetry is not superhuman, but all in all the number is extremely satisfactory and good.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- STRAHAN & CO., London: New York: George Routledge & Sons.—The Disciple, and other Poems. By George MacDonald. Pp. viii, 332. 1867.
W. A. TOWNSEND & ADAMS, New York.—Man and His Relations. By S. B. Britton, M.D. Seventh edition, revised. Pp. xiv, 578. 1868.
GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia.—The Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia, with an account of the proceedings connected with its opening, June 20, 1867. Pp. ix, 186. 1868.
CANTON PUBLISHING HOUSE, Cincinnati and Chicago.—The Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alford. Pp. xvii, 645. 1868.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Wind and Whirlwind: a Novel. By Mr. Thom. White. Pp. 307. 1868.
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia.—A Week with Jesus; or, Lessons Learned in His Company. By John M. Lowrie, D.D. Pp. 362.
Aonio Paleario and his Friends. By the Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn. Pp. 211.
KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—The Banquet of Theodolus; or, The Reunion of the Different Christian Communions. By the late Baron de Starck. Pp. vi, 224. 1868.
D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Dora. By Julia Kavanagh. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. Three vols. complete in one. Pp. 299. 1868.
Hudibras. By Samuel Butler. With notes and a literary memoir by the Rev. Treadway Russel Nash, D.D. Illustrated. Pp. 498. 1868.
G. W. CARLETON & CO., New York.—Behind the Scenes. By Elizabeth Keckley, formerly a slave, but more recently modiste and friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

PAMPHLETS.

- D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 343.
Bleak House. By the same. Pp. 352.
Waverley Novels. Antiquary. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Pp. 171.
We have received the Fourteenth Annual Report of the State Commissioner of Common Schools to the Governor of Ohio: Minutes of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference: The Cretan Refugees and their American Helpers, by Dr. S. G. Howe; Appeal to the People of the United States to relieve the Island of Crete: The Sovereignty of the People, by Wm. B. Greene: The Union League Club of New York, its Memories of the Past, the President's Address at the last meeting in the old Club House on Union Square, Thursday evening, March 26, 1868; A Catalogue of Standard Catholic Books, published by Kelly & Piet, Baltimore.

We have also received current numbers of Morgan's British Trade Journal, The Sunday Magazine, Good Words—London: The People's Magazine, The Art Journal—London and New York: Public Spirit, The Galaxy, The Old Guard, Harper's Magazine—New York: The North American Review, American Journal of Horticulture—Boston: The New Eclectic—New York and Baltimore: The Humboldt Medical Archives—St. Louis, Mo.: The New Orleans Journal of Medicine.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. CHANLER'S proposition in the House of Representatives to levy a tax upon armorial bearings is exciting some discussion which, very naturally, is of a highly antagonistic character. While there are many in this country who could show an indefeasible hereditary right to such insignia, there are probably more who make use of them without such right than with it, and any proposal, therefore, to compel the proof of such right prior to legalizing its exercise would, it may be presumed, be opposed by the majority. This very serious objection might be obviated, it is true, by providing that any one may use such coat-armour as he pleases on payment of the legal tax, and by protecting the applicant in the exclusive enjoyment of his selection upon the simple principle of first come, first served. The consequences of the latter arrangement might be a little singular, but we do not know that in a republican country they would be open to any other objection. It might seem funny at first to see your "butcher and baker and candlestick-maker" donning the shields and crests of Percies, Howards, and Stanleys, but the novelty would soon wear off, and the weakness and folly of setting up invidious distinctions in such matters would be so apparent that all would soon cheerfully acquiesce. Beside its other recommendations, this plan would also afford scope for felicitous selections, such as would be highly edifying in a moral as well as an ethical point of view. Mr. Greeley, for instance, might take the arms of the Chesterfields; Mr. Greenback Hawk, of Fifth Avenue, those of the De Champignons; the New York official who does not sweep the streets might sport the crest of the Von Tromps; and the author of *Kathrina* might rejoice in that of the Dulcamaras, and so on. Any one who drives in the Central Park on a fine day must be satisfied that a tax such as is proposed by Mr. Chanler would be widely exigible and likely to produce a handsome return to the internal revenue. A gentleman who speaks with some authority in heraldry, Mr. Whitmore, of Boston, has published a pamphlet in which he recommends the adoption of the plan suggested, but with the qualification that whenever arms are used, the date at which the family of the proprietor became entitled to their use shall likewise appear. As Mr. Whitmore puts it—

"If any man has a coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his coach, let him be told at once that he may continue to use it, but the government insists that he shall also add the date of the acquisition of the property. If he be honest in his assertion that he values it only as an ornament or as a personal device, he will agree to let the date of 1868 stand as a part of it. If it be an heirloom, he will be glad to put the earlier date which will show the fact, and it can injure no one to have it known. The only malcontent will be the man who has hoped that in the lack of all rules and authority, his assumed coat has been believed to be an inheritance."

On reflection we are inclined cordially to endorse this provision, and certainly, from one point of view, no true republican should oppose it; for if the trappings and gewgaws of nobility and aristocracy are in themselves contemptible, surely a spurious imitation of them is far more

so. Of course, under the new régime, no American citizens who have received titles from a foreign potentate, like, for instance, the Count Joannes, would hesitate to avow the date of their patents, and such nobles would, of course, be free henceforth from that ridicule with which the unthinking have sometimes heretofore treated their just pretensions. In the present and prospective condition of the Treasury any rational scheme that promises relief is worthy of deliberate consideration, and as none of us can be sure when Mr. Butler and his fellows may step forth full-blown dukes, marquises, and earls, we may as well prepare to make their elevation a means of financial recuperation in a small way however it may result in a large one. There is, however, something so extremely appropriate and sensible in the people of a democratic country aping the feudal memorials, symbols, and distinctions of a society they affect to despise,—we beg to say we have known more than one family who rallied by the hour at "old-world aristocracy," but who actually had coats-of-arms emblazoned on their coach-panels to which they were no more entitled than the man in the moon,—that it is scarcely necessary to do more than mention the scheme of Mr. Chanler to ensure for it eager attention and extensive popularity.

THE news is almost too good to be true, but we believe there is no doubt of the fact that the Legislature of New York has passed and the governor has signed a bill which secures to the metropolis a steam railway from the City Hall to Forty-second Street. The work is to be done by the "Central Underground Railroad Company," the incorporators comprise forty-two—significant number—of the wealthiest and most public-spirited of our citizens, and they are bound to complete their road between the points named by April 16, 1871. The line of the tunnel is precisely fixed by the fourth section of the act of incorporation, and, having arrived at Twenty-third Street by a course which will strike people as curious until they have studied the topography of the situation, it proceeds *via* Madison Avenue toward its terminus, Harlem Bridge, at the end of Third Avenue. The *Evening Post* now urges on the Legislature the immediate incorporation of another company, the Arcade; justly arguing that at least four underground roads will finally be necessary, and that if two companies begin work at the same time "each is likely to be stimulated by the other to greater energy and speed." The recommendation is a good one, and we hope the Legislature will see that it is not neglected.

THE PRESS DINNER to Mr. Charles Dickens on the evening of the 18th instant passed off with a degree of brilliancy and success which not even the singular choice of a presiding officer or the curious absence of so many of the most prominent and influential of metropolitan journalists could altogether mar. Mr. Dickens's feeling speech was something to be long remembered by all who had the privilege of listening to his frank and generous, even if just, apology for whatever wounds his youthful pen may have inflicted on our youthful sensibilities; and the occasion lost nothing of its charm from Mr. Raymond's impressive eloquence, Mr. Hurlbert's genial humor, or Mr. Curtis's graceful rhetoric. This farewell dinner fitly closed a visit which leaves behind it pleasanter memories than were the legacy of its predecessor, and cannot fail to impress anew on Mr. Dickens and his English friends that Americans have learned to read *American Notes* with regret but without resentment. Mr. Dickens's very handsome promise to publish in any future edition of that work and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, whose publication he might control, an explanatory appendix testifying to the changes and improvements he had witnessed, is gratifying as an act of justice, not to us—for we could very well afford to dispense with the reparation, if we are assured of the improvement—but to himself and to his future reputation. If he wronged us, it is just that he should right us; if not, his generosity and fairness will seem all the greater for this anxiety to avoid even the semblance of wrong. So he goes from us, the first or at least most famous novelist of his time, attended by all good wishes and we trust by all happy recollections, leaving behind innumerable regrets and a host of unborn welcomes for the possible return that cannot be too soon.

MR. DICKENS, in the course of his speech at the dinner given him last Saturday, touched upon the surprising intelligence concerning himself with which the newspapers have habitually favored him. "Thus," he continued, "the vigor and perseverance with which I have for some months past been collecting materials for, and hammering away at, a new book on America has much astonished me; seeing that all that time it has been perfectly well known to my publishers on both sides of the Atlantic that I positively declared that no consideration on earth should induce me to write one. But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you), is, on my return to England, in my own English journal, manfully, promptly, plainly, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, and consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be re-

published, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor."

WALT WHITMAN finds another English champion in the person of Mr. John Camden Hotten, who has contributed to a late number of *The Academy*, the new English educational journal, what would be an appreciative, if it did not seem to us a trifle too enthusiastic, review. The simile he uses to express his notion of "a certain grand sound pervading his [Whitman's] which yields but so-so results to the scanning or finger-counting man" has at least the merit of ingenious novelty:

"His music is bigger and louder, and must be tried by other canons. Many years ago one might have heard, at country fairs in the West of England, a kind of music which, so far as we know, is now obsolete. While yet a considerable way beyond the outermost circle of the fair, and beyond the noise and hubbub thereof, the traveller would become aware of an all-pervading boom, boom; and on listening would discover that these sonorous pantings shaped themselves into measured beats, and filled the air with recognizable and soothing melody. On pushing his way through the crowd the traveller would seek in vain for the cause of this Titanic music, and would only discover it when pointed out. Sundry planks, varying in thickness and fibre, and ranging in length from ten feet, perhaps, to twenty, were fastened perpendicularly across the bars of an ordinary country gate, and a sturdy minstrel would elicit the weird music by belaboring the quivering planks with a wooden mallet. Nothing very articulate was heard in the immediate vicinity of the performer, but on retiring some considerable distance the traveller soon became aware that the circumambient air was crooning with melody.

"And so it is, in some measure, with the music of Walt Whitman."

Mr. Hotten's summing up of his favorite even Mr. O'Conner could scarcely find fault with:

"His pages teem with thought, and that, too, at a level not often reached, and certainly never so long maintained. Divinely human in his sentiments, Hebraic and heroic in the assertion of his personality, intensely fervid in his patriotism, and yet encircling the world with his love, and claiming all the dwellers therein for his brothers and sisters, Walt Whitman is by far the most original product of his time, the sum and expression of the great Democracy of the West."

It is somewhat odd that hitherto the strongest endorsements of the most unconventional and unkempt of poets have come from a country whose current literature is the most fastidious in the world. Perhaps it is a disgusting reaction from the very artificiality of their native poets that has forced from English critics the cry of delight over the lusty nature that Whitman sings and celebrates.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROS. announce *Doubly False*, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; *The Count of Moret*, or *Richelieu and His Rivals*, by Alexander Dumas; and *The Last Athenian*, translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg by Wm. W. Thomas, Jr., A.M., late United States consul at Gothenburg, Sweden.

THE REV. J. C. FLETCHER and D. P. KIDDER, D.D., are about to issue the eighth edition of their *Brazil and the Brazilians*, either the merits of the work itself or a general interest in Brazil for which we can hardly account having served to exhaust the sixth and seventh editions within little more than a year. The preface of the forthcoming edition dwells upon several important events which have occurred in Brazil since the appearance of the last editions—the opening of the Amazon to free navigation, its valley being almost equal in area to the whole United States east of California, Oregon, and Washington Territories; the abrogation of the monopoly of the coast trade for four thousand miles of sea-coast; improvements in the systems of emigration and of taxation; the rapid decrease of slavery, there being now but 1,400,000 against 3,000,000 in 1853. There are likewise corrections of popular misapprehensions concerning the Paraguayan War, carefully fostered, it is claimed, by operators in the Brazilian loan; also, further information concerning the agricultural resources of the country. These gentlemen, it should be remembered, are said by some travellers to view Brazilian matters *en couleur de*

rose; nevertheless, their work is the fullest, and we believe the one which results from the longest opportunities for observation. At any rate it is, and, thanks to such revisions as the present, is likely long to remain, the most authoritative treatise on the greatest nation in South America.

THE REV. ELBERT S. PORTER, D.D., withdraws from the editorship of *The Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, which he has conducted for some sixteen years. Under his management *The Intelligencer* has been not merely one of the ablest and fairest of the religious press, but one of the very few "evangelical" papers—we think we could count them on the fingers of one hand—which are not characterized by a recklessness of assertion and imputation, a disregard of honesty, and frequently, as in the Tyng case, by a scurrility that would be regarded as gross even in partisan political journals, aggravated by a crudeness and slovenliness in their preparation that would deservedly be fatal to a secular publication. It would be a real calamity if Dr. Porter's withdrawal were to add one of these rare and shining exceptions to the already too numerous vulgar herd.

DR. I. I. HAYES, in a lecture on *The Land of Icebergs* delivered at St. Francis Xavier College last week, intimated that he had not given up all hope of renewing his explorations. But he mentioned that "year by year it became less probable," and altogether we do not get the comfort from the assurance that we did from the original promise in *The Open Polar Sea*.

W. H. RUSSELL's novel, *Dr. Brady*, is pronounced a failure.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW is writing another poem.

MRS. C. J. NEWBY's new novel, *Only Temper*, is announced by Mr. F. A. Brady.

ENGLISH magazines are still undergoing mutations. As a part of the transformation of *The Gentleman's Magazine* into a shilling, instead of a half-crown, monthly, Mr. Joseph Hatton assumes its editorship, in the room of the Rev. Edward Walford.—*St. James's Magazine* with its April number passes under the management of Mrs. Riddell, the novelist, who commences a serial entitled *A Life's Assize*; on the cover of the magazine appear the royal arms emblazoned in gold.—*The Oak* is a new illustrated monthly which will appear on the first of May, and among whose contributors are Sir John Bowring, Mr. W. C. Bennett, the author of *The Gentle Life*, and Miss Tupper.—*The Leader*, the Liverpool and London weekly, is now in the hands of Mr. Henry Russell, but somehow Mr. Edmund Yates's novel, which was its *pièce de résistance*, has dropped out during the transfer, and its place is supplied by a tale of Mr. Clark Russell's entitled *Loved and Lost*.

A ST. PETERSBURG letter-writer from whom we have quoted before gives an amusing account of the tribulations English books have to undergo in being put into Russian. A narrative, like the just published *Sources of the Nile* by Sir S. W. Baker, fares pretty well. But in the case of *Pickwick*, "where a work pre-eminently renowned for pithy and sparkling dialogue, filled with racy popular jokes, . . . is to be reproduced in a language unelliptical, wordy, and utterly wanting in equivocation, the Eastern translator fails, as we should expect him to fail, ignominiously." Instancing the contrast between the English and the Russian Sam Weller, are the following corresponding passages:

English.	Russian.
"Instead of saying,"	"Instead of that, so as to say."
"He can do nothing but talk."	"He can do nothing except that, so as to talk."
"It is missing."	"It has disappeared, God knows whither."
"One of his best friends."	"One of the very best of the friends of him."

In addition to considerations upon the idiom, it seems there is a further "insurmountable difficulty" in the fact that to

the Russian "a joke, in the real sense of the word, is a sealed book," *Punch* or *Kladderadatsch* serving only to bewilder him. And then the writer gives us this story:

"An Englishman was relating to a Russian friend that he had once seen on a country road a post with this inscription: 'This road leads to the town; all persons who cannot read this may apply to the blacksmith.' To the great anguish of the narrator, his friend remained perfectly composed, and thanked him for his story with a studied politeness which showed that he had not understood it in the least. But the next morning the Russian burst into his friend's room in convulsions of laughter, exclaiming, 'My friend, I do understand it now! Fool that I was not to think of it! As if the blacksmith might not be away from home!'"

MR. TENNYSON's forthcoming poem—which, as we have mentioned, is to appear in next month's *Macmillan's*—is described by *The Bookseller* as "of a different kind" from his recent magazine contributions, one which "will satisfy even the most cynical." It opens, we read, with the statement that Lucretius, recently married, returning home with his brain full of the philosophical notions which he had been studying in the fields, met the advances of his wife with coldness, his mind being too fully occupied with the question of the materiality of the soul and other Epicurean tenets to descend to those toyings which the affection of his wife expected. She thereupon, in order to win more of his love, administered a love-potion, which soon began to work upon the system of Lucretius in a manner most revolting to his nature. Against the strange and horrid feelings thus engendered he fought and struggled; he found two natures at work within him, each striving for the mastery; now the earthly and sensual obtained the upper hand; anon, that which to his pure and well-regulated mind was the more natural, he under the paroxysms giving vent to philosophic axioms clothed in most poetic forms. At length, disgusted with the world, with himself, and with all around him, he, a full believer in the doctrine of materialism, put an end to that existence which had become insupportable.

M. ARMINIUS VAMBERY, professor in the University of Pesth and known as an author and philologist, announces the discovery of the first Turkish book. This he describes as "the Rudatku Bilig (the blessed science), written in nigar characters in Kashgar the year 463 higeria, a manuscript more than 800 years old which I succeeded to decipher and interpret after two years' struggle and more than ten years' preparation." His claim he founds upon a couplet in the versified preface, of which we quote the original by way of a curiosity:

"Arabce tagilge kitablari ogush

Biznink tilmizge bu birin ki okush."

"In Arabic and Persian there are many books,

But in our (Turkish) language is this the first book."

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE—than whom perhaps no living Englishman is more thoroughly liked in America, in an undemonstrative way—is about to come hither again, being sent, as the cable informs us, by the British Post-office Department—from which he vainly supposed he had emancipated himself—to readjust some of the details of the postal convention.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE, according to a report which we have not as yet been able to trace to any authentic source, left among his papers the manuscript of an entirely new edition of his *Democracy in America*, in which a number of chapters are wholly replaced and the author's views modified in many essential points.

MR. PATRICK PROCTER ALEXANDER has edited *Last Leaves*, a collection of sketches and criticisms, posthumous we fancy, of Alexander Smith, whose memoir he prefixes to the book.

MANUEL ROBLEJO, a Cuban slave who is described as a poet of no mean pretensions by the recognition of white literati, is endeavoring to purchase his freedom by the sale of his work, and advertises asking assistance, in this manner, to complete the sum requisite for his liberation.

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